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TO M. E. B.

There's gloom upon thy brow, Mary,
Thou art not wont to wear:
An "unquiet drooping" of the eye,
Which does not frequent there.

There's sorrow in the smiles, Mary,
Which o'er thy features stray:
I would it were my lot, to drive
That hidden pain away.

There's paleness on thy lip, Mary,
That tells of inward strife:
Unburthen now thy grief to me—
'Twill bring the Rose to life.

There's a frost upon thy cheek, Mary,
That chills its wonted glow:
No mantling blush now lingers there,
Contending with the snow.

There's strangeness in thy voice, Mary;
It hath no joyous tone,
But waileth, as the night-winds wail,
When they are heard, alone.

There's faltering in this steps, Mary,
A lack of lightness there:
They're laden with some grievous weight,
Thou wert not formed to bear.

There's a burden on thy heart, Mary;
Ah, hide it not from me,
For if no art can drive it thence,
I'll share it, then, with thee.

New York, Oct. 1844

CALLA.

THE COIFFEUR OF SEVRES.

A REVOLUTIONARY SKETCH.

"Allons, M. Jacquard! are the curling-irons in the fire!"

In such words, and with a beaming smile, did a tall and graceful cavalier accost a little wizened man who stood, comb in hair and grin on mouth, at the door of his own shop, on the left-hand side of the way as you come from Paris, in the main street of the village of Sevres on the morning of the 5th October, 1789.

The face of the rider was turned towards Versailles: he had reined up his steed close to the door, as might be easily done in those days in a country which even now is but sparingly supplied with trottoirs; and as he spoke, the powerful animal, which stood full sixteen hands and a half high, raised his master's head, with its lofty hat and plume, so completely above the level of the low shop and doorway and its diminutive proprietor, that he appeared more in a position to hold converse with the pretty grisette who half drew back from the window above, under the glance of bright recognition shot from beneath that plumed hat, than to address the over-shadowed M. Jacquard below.

As he spoke, with head bent low to make himself heard, the wind, blowing fitfully in the direction of his course, agitated his plume and the mane of his horse with which it mingled, until they looked as if they, as well as every loose trapping, and even the ruffled hair of the steed starting up in ridges along its crest, would draw him with uneasy energy onward on his journey, and chafed at his delay. His attitude and ample plumes together, cast his own bronzed and glowing face into shadow, nearly as complete as that his figure threw over the ill-lighted assortment of wigs, wigs-blocks, and waxen court-ladies within.

"A votre service, M. de Varicourt!" exclaimed the little coiffeur, bowing and grimacing under the united influence of his national vivacity, the excitement of the occasion, and the fussiness of his trade. "Jeannette!" he continued, in a frenzied whisper, drawing back, and thrusting his head through a little door into a dark passage. While he waited for an answer, it was thus he soliloquized: "That child is always at the window! It was but now I called her in, having detected M. des Tuites, as he rode by, pitching a bon-bon at her, which mistook the story, and nearly knocked me over, as I was powdering a peruke here with my head to the street; and there she is again, taking my customer's eyes from the genuine wax and wigs here, to her own silly flesh and blood and mere natural tresses above. Jeannette!" he continued, aloud, "turn the jealousies up, I command thee, till thou canst see nothing but the sky and the church steeple—then close them, and bolt the window.—Entrez, monsieur!" he cried, wheeling round with the celerity of a tee-totum, and closing the little door, as he heard the clash of the soldier's arms on the ground, announcing his having dismounted: "There is a staple on the post for my customers à cheval, and I have had half a troop picquetted there before now—you amongst the number, M. de Varicourt, I believe! though I ever gave your camarades the 'Moniteur,' to keep them alive till your head had its last buckle to your mind."

"Dépêche toi, mon enfant!" cried the young horseman, casting himself down upon a seat, which twisted and cracked and writhed under his weight—"I issue an ordonnance de par le roi, that you exceed not a petit quart d'heure and a franc, including pomade, iron, string, powder, gown, and gossip. My horse has his eye on his stable at Versailles, as you see, and his impatience will, by that time, be too much for your staple, I expect."

"Sit down—sit down, M. le garde du corps!" cried the friseur, bagging

him. clothes, epaulettes, lace, sword, boots, spurs, and all, in a vast dressing-gown, prismatic with rainbow dyes, and patterned like some grotesque vase from the factory hard by. "Sit down! and I'll promise to stuff in all I've to do and say into the given time. Watch your horse, M. de Varicourt—if he bolts before the time, that's not according to agreement—if he is left longer by my delay, I forfeit the franc, and—worse again, the pleasure of again coiffing M. le garde du corps."

"Agreed! If you pass the quart d'heure, remember you are never to curl a buckle for me as long as I live."

"And you will get few to secure me a franc, for frising your worship's curls, after you are dead."

"Unless, noble coiffeur, our worthy inventor of gentlemanlike and pleasing decapitation, Sieur Guillotin, should enjoin it upon M. Jourdain, before he restores the body to his friends," as part of his avocation, to powder and pomatum the heads, to make them respectable—"

"And that Jourdain and you should have a bowing acquaintance."

"Nay, even if we should, my little barber this day must pass before Guillotin himself would recommend your further assistance. Surely, my head is buckled already tight enough, to stand firm for four-and-twenty hours, even if the tender mercies of 'le medecin' were exercised upon it in the meantime." And, so saying, he jingled his spurs against the floor, and lay back in the chair under the twists and grimaces of M. Jacquard, chaunting the then popular air—

Guillotin,
Medecin,
Politique,
Imagine, un beau matin,
Que pendre est inhumain
Et peu patriotique;
Aussitôt
Il lui faut
Une supplice
Qui sans corde ni poteau,
Supprime du bourreau
L'Office.

Le Romain
Guillotin,
Qui s'apprete,
Consulte gens du métier—
Barnave et Chapelier,
Même Coupe-tête;
Et sa main
Fait soudain
La machine,
Que "simplement" nous tuera,
Et que l'on nommera
GUILLOTINE!"

"Sung like a swan!" cried the coiffeur in an ecstasy, as he concluded. "And now, we have only to tie the queue, to complete the performance. But we must have a ribbon—what colour, monsieur?" he added, with a sly grimace—"particoloured, or uniform, white or black?"

For a reply, the guardsman only hummed the two first bars of the air. "O Richard, O mon roi, l'univers l'abandonne!" and the little coiffeur needed no further direction. He looked for a moment into a drawer, and, not finding a piece of black ribbon, slid hastily to the door, and called up stairs—"Jeannette! Jeannette! vite! a yard of black ribbon! Thou wilt find it in the bureau." A hasty step was heard overhead, and the next moment a light step descending the narrow stairs.

"Now, then," cried the barber, as he hastily shut the door upon a pretty face which peeped blushing forth for the instant. "Now, to finish thee, M. le capitaine—but, what have we here! why, this string is united with some device. Ne m'oubliez pas! Diantre! but this girl must go to the Ursulines!"

"Come, come!" exclaimed the cavalier, laughing. "thou hast no remedy; unless, indeed, thou sufferest the fair sempstress to come down, and rip the letters out herself."

"No, no," replied the little hair-dresser, with an anxious shrug—"I am bound to time, and must use it as it is. There, behold thyself. Frisé d for a palce!"

One look in the mirror seemed sufficient; and the young garde du corps as he was casting off the flimsy but huge envelope which stood out from his accoutrements in points and angles, giving him the appearance of an over-grown skeleton, threw his eyes up at the church clock opposite. "Mille tonnerres!" he cried, emphasizing his words with a clash of his sword on the floor—"mon barbiere, you are two full minutes by your own clock beyond the quarter—and, by St. Louis," he continued, casting down a franc and seizing up his hat—"there's my horse looking as if he knew it!"

True enough, the caparisoned animal, which had stood at the door with that subdued and disciplined air which the military manege imparts to the most fiery charger, never having even drawn the rein to its stretch in the staple, suddenly turned his head down the street in the direction of Paris, his ears erect, his eye glaring, his nostrils dilated. A low and hoarse neigh at the same time broke from him—and the next moment he had turned, snapped his rein with a jerk, and was galloping at full speed along the rough-paven chaussée in the direction of Versailles.

Many of the inhabitants, from shop doors and the street, ran to endeavour to arrest his progress—but, as is usually the case, the valour of these volunteers seemed to ebb away at the very moment when their services might have been most useful; and having made a great parade of standing across the whole way like the colossus, and shouted in so fearful a manner as to alarm themselves, they one by one gave way to the career of the animal, and made a lane for him to pass, having accomplished the urging of his terror into madness, and now prolonging and strengthening it by following in a body at his heels, shouting like a pack of furies behind him.

At last, however, the charger was brought, panting, trembling, and foaming, to a stand-still—but as he stood, held by many now valiant hands, his head was still turned with all the steadiness of fearful attention down the street, as if

* The reader who is intimately acquainted with the history of the period, will detect, and must be begged to pardon, the slight anachronism committed in the introduction of this song.

the object of his original alarm yet held the predominant place before the eye of his senses.

Breathless, too, with the weight of his cumbrous accoutrements, the soldier took him from their hands, and, patting him on his foam-stained neck, endeavoured to lead him back to the barber's door; but this he found beyond his power—no words of soothing persuasion or of command, could prevail on the animal to advance a step in that direction—on the contrary, he made frequent attempts, trembling as he was, to bolt again from his master's hands, and resume his flight towards Versailles.

At length the cavalier, observing these strange symptoms of terror, and not being able to see along the whole line of street to read any object of alarm to account for them, continuing all the time to hold his charger tight by the head-stall, raised his hand, to signify to the people about that he wished to listen; and they, understanding him, and partaking of the same curiosity, became instantaneously silent, and turning their heads in the direction of the wind, which blew that morning, as has been observed, freshly from the eastward. They all stood a moment or two so motionless, that the soldier heard the pulses of his horse's heart beating quick and full at his shoulder, and even the ticking of the great church clock a little further down the street, opposite the barber's shop; and then—so faint, that it seemed almost to form part of the breeze that bore it—he nevertheless distinctly heard a shout, wild and high, in a key pitched far above that of an ordinary multitude, and resembling the shriek of thousands of unearthly spirits. The horse shuddered to his hoofs—and the next instant the cavalier was in his saddle, the rowels of his spurs deep in the flank of his charger, which, indeed, did not want this stimulus to plunge forward with mad rapidity in the direction of Versailles, striking fire with his heels from the uneven pavement of the street, and casting his own housings and the sword of his rider wide and wildly from side to side as he flew.

"Alas!" cried little Jeannette Jacquard, who had ventured, in spite of the parental admonition, to re-open the *jalousies* and watch for a glance from the handsome cavalier on his leaving the door—"if steeds understood the mischief they do when they hurry off *gardes du corps* with this cruel haste, they would—they would—claim livery from *le bon père* for their services!"

Let us precede that faint but ominous sound in the direction of its course, and, like the seaman leaning over the bow of some onward vessel, gaze still out upon the untouched and untroubled placidity which must so soon be ploughed into by the advance of the mighty intruder.

It is high noon. The great kitchen of the farm, house of Jardi is beginning to fill with savoury odours and hale and happy faces, and the crackling of the mighty *buche* of beechwood from its bed of ashes under the ample chimney-breast, gives additional evidence of extensive culinary preparations, which receives yet further confirmation from the steam which ascends as well from a vessel above it, as from various *fourneaux* on each side. A long walnut table is already spread with a snow-white cloth; and napkins, a luxury inseparable from the humblest French dinner arrangements, are thrust into bone rings, and laid in rows down each side of the table. Upon it are to be seen sundry long and taper black bottles, huge primitive salt-sellers, and uncouth cutlass-shaped black knives, boasting neither polish nor edge, and apparently designed more as a substitute for spoons and forks, than to divide or disjoint the mid-day meal. The apartment is of spacious dimensions, and the end of it opposite the chimney is open across nearly its whole breadth, connecting it with another and smaller room, of an inferior style of decoration, into which the table extends for some distance. Around the walls are massive walnut presses, three of them, which are open, presenting heaps of linen piled and folded on every shelf, in such abundance as the lavish use of a large house, and a half-yearly washing, can alone suffice to account for. Numberless articles of culinary use, intermixed with farming and gardening implements, furnish the walls, and a mirror or two lend their enlivening aid to the adornment of the chamber. The tiled floor girts with fresh strewn sand, and a *pendule* of some pretension points cheerfully with its tiny finger to the anxiously-expected hour of dinner.

"*Tu es le bienvenu, Edouard!*" exclaimed the motherly Madame Mazlaire to a youth, who appeared at that instant in the entry, doffing his broad-leaved felt hat, and casting the monstrous *sabots* off his slipped feet inside the doorway. "We scarcely thought the horses would have been all in from the pond before the *bouilli* was under the knives of the labourers at the bottom of the table. Thou art the last, *mon fils*, we looked for—and now, Adèle, *depêché toi, ma bonne*, and pour the soup into the tureen."

"And why shouldst thou have waited for me, mother?" exclaimed the youth, sullenly. "It cramps all freedom to be thus tied to the table-cloth, or forced into a ring like a napkin, for family use. France understands by this time that her youth should think, speak—aye, and act for themselves—and spurn the equally miserable thralldom of the petticoat, the tyrant, and the *ancien régime*."

"*Eh, bien Edouard!* perhaps the good old times were not so much worse than these after all—when boys were boys till after they were men, and when we went to the palace in our holiday attire to witness the *grands caux*, instead of marching off full of frowns and importance, to rendezvous in the *place d'armes*—"

"To hear the glorious news—which we never heard from our fathers, mothers, or king, that we are men and Frenchmen!"

"Well, well," sighed the good-humoured Madame Mazlaire, with as much of melancholy as was consistent with the consoling thought.—"We are not the people to complain, now-a-days. Paris, alas! is starving—but then, look at the price of a sheep—a sack of grain—our very vegetables! It is our turn to make a little money; and we should bless *le bon Dieu* for all. But we know, my son," she continued, turning to the rest of her family and the labourers of the farm, who were listening to this discourse with various feelings of emotion which she did not see—"we know, Edouard, why it is that thou hast so shocked our regularity of late. It is not altogether the affairs of the nation, believe me, *bonnes gens*, that occupies our young patriot. There is a bit of porcelain at Sevres," she continued, laughing, as she saw the young man's brow growing crimson—"which, methinks"—

"Peace, peace, *bavarde!*" cried he, savagely, at the same time approaching the door, as if to evade observation—"thou art grown old and foolish. Let us have the soup!"

"Ah, Edouard, beware of the *gardes du corps!* if not for thy life, at least for thy heart. I thought I saw Jeannette speaking with her eyes to one—not the most ill-favoured amongst them—at the *fête*, the other evening."

The young man, who, while his mother was speaking, had turned with his face towards the outside of the door, instead of making any reply to this attack, bent forward, and held his finger up, as if to those within to be silent, and stood in that attitude for a few seconds—then, animated by some sudden impulse, he

thrust his feet into his *sabots*, seized his broad hat, and darted out of the door in an instant.

The fleetest of those who rose to the entry, to discover whither he had fled, and the cause of his hasty disappearance, were only in time to discern his form flying down the miry lane in the direction of Versailles, and to note that he had some weapon or implement in his hand, of considerable length; and then, as they paused simultaneously in listening attitudes, there came upon the ears of all, distinctly—making each turn his eyes meaningly on the faces of the others—a sound, shrill and piercing as that of a child in pain, yet loud and lengthening enough to have been raised from the united throats of thousands.

The gardens of the Trianon!—who, that has not been a privileged and habitual visitor there, can adequately picture to himself the enchanting delights of those fairy retreats? In which, amidst the spacious glens and sweeping hills and wide-spreading woods of nature, art has with a genius almost divine constructed almost an Eden, and added the choicest fabrications of her skill to the already enchanting realities she found there. Could he who wanders ever so often amidst their now half-desecrated and devastated solitudes, realize to himself the elysium of these groves, when beauty, wit, and royalty were their sole and unquestioned possessors—and beings swept, as with the feet of angels, the velvet carpeting which was too soft and luxurious for the tread of ordinary mortals? Could he wave back upon the silent mirror of the imagination the scene so hallowed to the memory, and people it with those actors who were brilliant and beautiful in their lives in proportion to the darkness of their fate? Alas! and alas! should he look, the mirror, like one of the tranquil pools in those very gardens, must soon resign the delusive reflection, and his eye pierce to the hard and stony reality beneath! But if there be one who could accomplish so much, still he who could command an adequate resuscitation of the romance and the magic to which those days were witness, with all his imagination, and all his enthusiasm, must fail to realize the presence of the fairy being who kindled the one and created the other; that "delightful vision," which decorated and cheered the elevated sphere in which she moved—"glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy."

It was in a shadowed avenue of these delightful gardens, near the entrance of a deep grotto, that the personage alluded to above stood, a little later on the same day, with one hand leaned upon a rustic seat from which she had just risen, and the other raised towards the sky, to which her eyes were turned, as if she had been noting the aspect of the weather. Her tall and commanding form was shewn to perfection by the entanglement of her dress with the rude frame-work of the seat, as well as by the upward turn of her head and arm—and she seemed to vie, in costume as well as attitude, with those nymphs of marble, which were cast into every posture of beauty and grace upon their pedestals beneath the trees around her. Her hat, in shape resembling that of a simple peasant, had fallen back from her head, and, as it hung by the ribbons upon her shoulders, revealed a profusion of flaxen tresses, poured like showers of sunshine over her faultless brow, throat, and bosom. The features, though the Austrian lip and high nose imparted to them an "incomprehensible air of dignity," were yet more remarkable for their joyous spirituality of expression—albeit now a certain languor seemed to hang about them, and deepen them to a tone in keeping with the shade of the lofty elms which bent over her head, and the sombre clouds of the approaching evening. Advanced beyond the girlish bloom which the enthusiastic eloquence of Burke has immortalized in the imaginations of us all, yet she retained the elasticity and easy grace of her earlier youth, and seemed to have arrived but at the perfection of full womanhood.

She spoke—for she was not alone. Beside her, the only person near, stood, bent in an attitude of deferential attention—the noble Luzerne, waiting the decision of his queen, whether to loiter longer in the grottoes, which at that delicious season of the year formed the habitual rendezvous of the royal party from an early hour to the close of day—or, warned by the aspect of the sky overhead, to betake herself to the palace, where her husband, the gentle and amiable Louis, was wont to unbend from his usual reserve, and, worked upon by the spell of his fascinating consort, to admit a license and a gaiety to which his natural disposition and his principles were in some slight degree repugnant.

Luzerne, the evening looks lowering—yon clouds bode an earlier termination to our concert than usual—under the canopy of heaven and these elms, at least. Let the band of musicians leave yonder *bosquet*, and be in waiting in the *salle d'orchestre*. We long for our poor old instructor, Gluck's, 'Orfeo,' and the company are well rehearsed in it. Ah, Luzerne, the eloquent complainings of that martyr melody, bereaved of his only love—*Che farò senza Euridice?*—urge more and more powerfully on us the sweet necessity of feeling, and disgust us not only with the malignity and injustice of our enemies, but with the cold and benumbing heartlessness of those who profess to regard us most."

"Madame! we turn from the poet's and the composer's rhapsodies to the theme of their inspiration, and learn to glow for ourselves."

"Cease, cease, gentle Luzerne! thou art ever too ready to seize on the sense which I meant not, and follow it up with what I should not—ought not—seek not, to hear."

"But, madame—"

"Disappointed in my inmost feelings, I yet love these exquisite forms and hues and perfume of nature, and the tranquillity of her fields and bowers, better than the homage of those—even yours, Luzerne—who seek to flatter me. Oh! it is the power of enjoyment unmolested I pant for—to only be allowed the happy heart, and the blessed rest, for which all sigh—which the *sontags-kinder* of the earth do occasionally attain—and which surely might be accorded at least to the mistress of a mighty kingdom!"

As Marie Antoinette uttered these words, she cast down her beautiful eyes, and to the long silken fringe of each there started one tremulous diamond, which seemed to be exhaled again under the glow of her cheek, into which the tinge of a momentary indignation had mounted.

The graceful courier took her hand respectfully, and as he did, he felt it tremble in his.

"My queen!" he said, in a low voice, "thou art right; I abhor, because I cannot command myself—enough ought it to be for thy subjects to make the

It is scarcely doubtful that Maria Antoinette, though wrong y aspersed by the calumnies of her enemies had been disappointed and chagrined at the apathetic temper of Louis. Glowing and sanguine herself, with far more of the Italian than German in her disposition, the double restraint of formality and indifference, was too much for her, and occasionally drove her to a recklessness and a license capable of being gravely misconstrued. But, once torn from luxury and privacy to suffering and outrage—once called upon to comfort, sustain, support, and cherish—and conjugal devotion mounted the throne of her heart, to hold a sway coeval with its existence.

world a paradise for thy sacred rest, without daring to do more than hover in respectful diffidence around its farthest confines:—why should we enter, even in the hesitating eagerness of a too engrossing admiration, within its hallowed precincts, and violate the sanctity of the shrine by the offering of our hearts and lives?"

She looked up, and took her hand from his—there was an exulting smile on her lip, even as she drew a step backward, which told that what she had heard and what she must not listen to, was yet not the less sweet because it was dangerous to hear; she sighed again, and looked into the face of her subject without speaking;—and then, without taking her eyes off his, or moving a finger, the smile gradually left her countenance, the colour faded from it as the tints of evening from the Alpine summit—and like it, the cheek of the princess became colourless as snow. At the same instant, too, the courtier's countenance darkened with a lurid glow, and he put his hand to the hilt of his sword. That cry—the shrill, piercing, ominous, and multitudinous cry, which had come thus far forward on its course of devastation, had entered—faint and afar, but unmistakably, at the same instant, into the ears of both.

Ere they had time to say a word, a page approached, and kneeling, hurriedly placed a folded paper in the queen's hand. She tore it open. It was from the Comte de St. Priest, urging her to return to the palace.

"The king! the king! where is he?" exclaimed the terrified queen, seizing Luzerne's arm, and looking at the page, pale as death.

"At Meudon," cried he. "M. de Cubieres had already plunged his spurs in his horse's flanks, to have his majesty back to Versailles, ere I was despatched to my royal mistress."

"Let us hurry back," cried she, almost dragging Luzerne along. "God send the king safe!"

More than half a century hath rolled by, since the memorable night which followed that evening:—but not the washing of a thousand winters, the unremitting labours of ingenuity, employed during that time to extenuate, account for, justify, or palliate its horrors, will ever avail to obliterate from the annals of national disgrace, the crimson stain left upon the name of FRANCE, by the deeds it witnessed. There it must remain, engrained into its very essence, affronting the eye of God and man from generation to generation, fierce, and frightful, as when it first gushed upon it from the wine press of human depravity—and mock, as with a gory hand, the trophies of all subsequent triumphs.

The night—more than half of the next day is past—that day, which, in the words of the already-quoted writer, "seemed to blot the sun of heaven."—We are in Sevres again.

God! how the mighty mass roars! The broad way foaming with the human blood, which dashes its billows against every projecting angle and pier, up which they mount, untold windows, and posts, and doors, and roofs, are covered with the animated spray, flung from the boiling mass below! And, in the fearful whirl of the torrent, eddies of fearful conflict there are—and man and man, and woman and woman, in the agony of excitement and intolerable pressure, seize madly on each other, and wrench themselves room by the very struggles of their despair—thousands and thousands of beings, crimson with passion and inebriation and blood, seem to lose in the general intoxication their sole and distinctive identity—and from being individually maniacs and demons, become fused into one mighty animal, possessing in thousand fold intensity the fierceness of its component parts, and forming a Titanic impersonation of madness, animated with one demoniac soul—and nerved with one devastating arm.

Above this surging sea, the tower of the church of Sevres stood, tall and grim, like the watcher over the bed of delirium—and up its massive dial the slow hand stole calmly, and the pulse of time beat steadily in its stony breast—and the ponderous clock and the massive tower of the temple of God were there, like time and eternity, the one visible upon the face of the other, and frowning together unheeded wisdom upon the frenzy of mortals.

Could the purple and distorted raving of that infuriate mass once again subside into humanity! Could the beings who were fused into that molten sea, ever cool and crystallise down into distinct individuals, and return to the ordinary occupations and avocations of life—to trades, families, churches! None who came within the glow of that lava-flood of crime, could have hoped, or feared, that of it society should hereafter be re-composed. The multitude seemed finally and for ever merged in one great madness, as if human nature had been resolved into its elements, discharged of every better principle, and re-combined in the proportions most deadly and most formidable, so that hope itself could scarce promise more than that it might exhaust itself at last, and lie extinct in sullen inaction. And from the foaming lips of women, scarlet with the inebriation of crime, and hideous as the grim visages which dart from the darkness of the smithy into the sudden day, smitten out of the iron by the hammer's hand, rise shrieks and shouts, in which the blasphemy is choked by the very intensity of its paroxysm, and the curse of each throat is roared into impotence by the thousand confused and conflicting maledictions which rush to the clouds along with it—till of the single execrations of fiendish malignity the concentrated power rushes aloft in one hideous yell—only the more frightful, from being wordless, tuneless, and infatuate.

Amongst the few panic-struck individuals who watched from nooks and corners the gradual approach and flooding of the street with this frenzied throng, Jeannette Jacquard had posted herself at a corner of the *jalousie* of her window, which she had now of her own accord closely shut—and thence observed, with pale cheek and sinking heart, its passage by. Vague fears had hung about her all the morning—events were evidently in hot progress. The butchers of Paris, a gory throng, had passed like a nightmare in the darkness towards Versailles—and the continuous tramp of the national guard had followed, hour after hour, in the same direction—the discharge of ordnance had once or twice come upon the ear from that quarter—and now, the advanced guard of the insurgents were on their return. Oh, with what success! what had been the royal defence! who had interposed their lives between majesty and outrage!—The tender girl could not bear to allow her imagination further rein where the subject touched her heart so nearly, but bent all her energies to discover by what was passing some clue to the history of the preceding night and that morning. The good barber, like the rest of the trades-people with the exception of the proprietors of a few cabarets and provision shops, had shut the shutters close and taken down his sign, so that he might be passed as unnoticed as possible by this inflamed and degraded rabble. He had himself retired into his back-shop, and it was from

* The next day, the Comte de la Luzerne proved himself at least sincere in his devotion to his queen, by placing himself between her person and the infuriated mob, as a line when it was expected that they would have fired at her. This fact is stated even by the revolutionary writers.

the window above that his pretty daughter now peeped fearfully out upon the sea of heads rolling beneath her.

"Ah, how they press on! so fierce and impatient, that they choke the passage, and retard themselves! See! there is a wretched woman, who would extricate herself from the press—she bears a child in her arms! a drunken smith wields his hammer beside her, and the heavy head swings close past the forehead of the infant. Oh! will they not hold down his hands for the mercy of heaven! And see! she has seized him by the waist, and supplicates him, and he cannot wring himself away, but places his black hand upon her forehead, and crushes her down into the crowd. Where is the child! They are borne on by a rush from behind, and I see them no more!"

"A heap of women cast upon some carriage!—a heavy cart!—a cannon—without horses, without men, to draw it; it moves on in the press, borne by the weight of thousands. Torn and dishevelled wretches! are they indeed women? They cry, and toss their arms aloft, some of them bloody with wounds, others stupefied with fatigue, excitement, and intoxication. Aye, some have been hurt—and see, there are more, covered with blood, and they bear a senseless wretch on their shoulders—yet shouting—shouting again, and yelling with frantic laughter. Oh, have the gallant guards had to contend with all of these! What is the blood that flows! Not drawn by their hands surely! They would not draw sword on these wretched creatures—but, what would not these do to them! Oh, De Varicourt! thou wouldst stand to be torn in pieces by them, ere thou wouldst use violence towards the vilest amongst them!"

"Whose is yon grey head, and black gown, I see issuing from the church! Surely, surely, it is not our abbe, dragged out amongst them! And now he struggles in the midst, and holds his hands aloft, as if in exhortation and warning. Yes, yes, it is the holy man! come forth in the strength of his God, to preach peace to the tempest. May the Virgin be thy speed, reverend father, and grant thee strength, if thou canst not prevail with them, at least to escape unscathed from amongst them! See, he points aloft, and then up the street, with anger and indignation on his pale visage—and they answer him with a shout of derision, and point up the street too: and, ah! from the windows, and roofs, I see pale faces straining in the same direction. What is it! I will open the *croisées* a little more, and—ha! here comes something—and the shouts and screams redouble, and the crushed mass dances before it. What are they? Things formless and filthy, on poles, dashed from side to side, and tossed like the masts of a vessel on an angry sea. They are flesh, and—God! can it be! No—no. What hideous things! And a red stream runs into the hands of the holders. I must draw back—turn away—sick, sick!"

The procession advanced until that part of it most dense and violent, in the midst of which the two poles were carried, had just approached M. Jacquard's door—when one of the most furious of the women, glancing up to where the name and occupation of the worthy tradesman were set forth, screamed at the full pitch of her voice—

"Jacquard, coiffeur!—coiffez les, citoyennes!"

In an instant, the whole multitude yelled in frantic chorus—"coiffez les! coiffez les!" and those nearest to the door began to batter it with sticks, gun-stocks, and stones—while the idea, repeated out in wider circles and caught successively by new ears, drew forth peal after peal of demigriac laughter, and caused redoubled efforts on the part of those next the door to effect an entrance.

The first knock at his shutter had nailed the little hair-dresser to his chair in the back-shop. There he sat, nerveless and wordless, as he heard the reiterated blows and incoherent shouts, in which, however, he could dimly distinguish his own name and some allusion to his trade. Fiercer and fiercer grew the assault upon his premises, and wilder and more furious the cries of the besiegers—yet did he never stir from his position, nor even look forth in the direction of the entrance.

At length a blow, as from the sledge-hammer of a smith, burst in bolt and lock and bar, and admitted the foremost of those without so suddenly, that they were cast upon the floor of the shop, and trodden upon by those behind them—while the sound that had been in some measure subdued by the intervening door, rushed in, now that that obstacle was removed, and seemed in the terrified barber's ears like the sudden and triumphant roar from some monster's throat, which has made its spring, and is now astride across its prostrate victim.

"Here he is! here he is!" cried those nearest to him, seizing him with an hundred hands—"here he is, powder, and comb, and tongs, and all—down with them before him! Now, perruquier, do your best for the honour of *la nation*!" and at the same instant, Edouard and another were thrust in at the door, bearing the poles, which were lowered to those within reach of those at the front, and from the top of each a GHASTLY HUMAN HEAD was plucked, and laid down before the horrified barber!

The multitude hath passed by—the street of Sevres is cleared once more, and filling again with the calm body of twilight. Here and there indeed a panting mass lies in the corner of the way, or under a door, like the ember dashed from the career of some onward machine of fire—half heaving with the glow it has left—half-dimming with the stillness and darkness it has fallen into. Wretches, a few, and silent, had crawled from under feet, or been wheeled by eddies into corners, and lay there, waiting for their fate—while a few of the bolder inhabitants ventured to peer out, or cautiously to open their doors, and ask their neighbours, with white lips, whether they thought that all was past. Within that hour, there had rolled by the omega and alpha of France—its acme and its glory—its meanest, and its greatest—its rabble, and its king.—Yes; preceded by that band of demons, which formed a suitable advance in such a procession; surrounded by the mock parade of guards, within whose circle an inner ring of the vilest and most abandoned of the populace flung the wild license of contumely in upon their defenceless ears; followed by the exhausted remnant of their devoted friends, Louis the Sixteenth, the mild and virtuous Louis, and his lovely queen—she, of whom all Europe would have supposed, that "ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that treated her with insult"—had been dragged along in mock procession towards that city, over whose domes and temples and palaces evening now was beginning to draw its mysterious cloud, emblem of that, from the overcharged bosom of which was so soon to be launched the bolt of fate upon the heads of the unhappy pair.

In the back shop, upright in his wicker chair, sat the little coiffeur, shrunk out of all resemblance to what he had been a few hours before—his cheek drawn over the bone, till it nearly started through the skin—his eye fixed and filmy—his hue livid—his forehead beaded with cold dew—his thin and drawn lips fringed with a pale slime. No word he spoke—no muscle he moved—the rat-like hair bristled about his head—and his whole aspect was an im-

personation of grotesque terror so intensely exaggerated as to be, if any eyes had seen him but those a little less spell-bound than his own, a hideous caricature of human suffering, almost provocative of a laugh as well as a shudder. There were stains here and there upon his garments, and upon his hands, not to be mistaken—it was plain, HE HAD DONE THEIR BIDDING.

"Father, father—they are gone—it is over. Here, father, a drop of wine—drink it, father! it will do thee good!" and the pallid girl held trembling to his lips a cup of the ordinary wine of the place. "Taste it, father, all are gone—the door is fastened again, and they will not molest thee more. Here—thou art cold—have they hurt thee? Oh, God! have they hurt thee, my beloved father!" She laid down the glass hastily, and felt his chest and arms. "Move—move, father, but a limb—show that thou art alive; one word—one word to thy daughter Jeannette, who loves thee, father! See, there is the fire, and the log is burning to warm thee, father! Or—wouldst thou prefer being chafed with these fingers? Nay, it was no more than a dream—and thou art awake, unharmed. Take a single drop of wine from her who loves thee—see, here, I sip it myself. Oh, God, my father!—father—speak to me, but one word—move—move—stir thy hand, *mon père*, for the love of God and thy devoted daughter Jeannette!"

But he sat still and stiff. The agonized girl looked around in utter perplexity, to see what she could do for him. She thought at one moment that she would rush into the street, and call for assistance; but the idea of having shut out the frightful *outside* still remained the predominant matter of consolation in her mind—and the sense of safety to him and to herself was too paramount to allow her for an instant to entertain the idea of unbarring the door. Besides, there was a vague dread in her mind of his being, by the construction of others, drawn some how or other into the vortex of events and considered a party to them, as long as the marks of blood remained about him and the room; hence her next thought, and the one on which she acted was, to get water and a napkin, and to set about washing from his sleeves and hands the traces of the horrid operation he had been called upon to perform. She trusted that the warmth of the fire, and the very action of ablution, would by-and-bye awaken him from the rigid and stony trance into which he had fallen. Nor was she altogether mistaken—she had scarcely touched his clenched hand, for the purpose of placing it in the warm water she had prepared, when he began to move his fingers, feeling, as it were, for something he had held within them. He bent down his head, and, suddenly producing a shred dabbled with blood, shook it up close to his daughter's face, crying, with a discordant gibbering laugh.

"Ne m'oubliez pas, my pretty Jeannette!"

He had just time to utter the words; and the next instant, without a change of position, his features became expressionless, his eye glassy, his jaw dropped open—he was dead.

In the hospital of the Bicetre, there is at this moment a skinny old woman, wizened as a witch, who sits gathered up in a corner, and is exhibited to curious visitors as one of the oldest inmates of the establishment, as well as one of its most confirmed and aggravated cases. Under the best of circumstances Frenchwomen seem to be ignorant of the art of growing old becomingly—and it is only natural that this aged maniac should present proofs of the fact under the worst. She is *maelicious* as an ogress—her nose stoops to attack her chin, which rises in angry defiance to meet it; over her wrinkled and fallow visage long hairs have grown in tufts; and her eye, colourless as with externally staring at the light, exhibits the blood-shot ball to bursting. In her skinny hands she exhibits the almost worn-out shreds of a bit of ribbon—and all the words that ever escape her, are—"Ne m'oubliez pas, my pretty Jeannette!"

Such is a feeble sketch of one of those *tableaux vivants* which envenomed the dull monotony of massacre during the glorious French revolution. If the writer have indulged his fancy in composing it, it is only where he softens or subdues—all the horrors he has depicted—he speaks to the few who may not happen to be already aware of it—are *TRUE*. How very much we ought to envy the French, having these little bits of private romance among their family records! to say nothing of the public displays. Let us hope that time, and our modern and moderate Robespierres, may yet redeem us from this stigma upon our national name, and enable us to record similar doings in our streets and houses, for the admiration and envy of posterity!

REVELATIONS OF RUSSIA;

Or, the Emperor Nicholas and his Empire, in 1844. By one who has seen and describes. 2 vols. Colburn.

"The sovereigns of Russia," says the author of these volumes, "have always been sensitive to the public opinion of Europe;" and this being so, we cannot feel satisfied that it was not brought to bear upon the emperor, on his recent visit to England. It is not for the hope of any good to have been produced in Russia, but for the character of our own comparatively free and happy and enlightened people, that we would have had it so. One of the leading objects of the visit of Nicholas was the purchase of opinion; and he got so much of it for his money, that he has taken back, there can be no doubt, to his icy home, a greatly diminished notion of its value. We make no allusion, of course, to his reception by those whose immediate guest he was—there the question does not arise—and if it did, it might have a powerful answer. But the morality of nations is not to be committed to the courtesy of courts; and it is not good for a people to see an equal title to respect beneath all crowns. The distinction should have been taken by a free and moral people on the occasion in question,—but taken decently and with dignity. The opportunity of reading a great lesson, where it would have been felt and understood, has been worse than lost,—for we fear the lesson has been read backwards. Of all that is in the heart of Englishmen towards Nicholas, he saw nothing. The land he rules is such a blot on modern civilization, at the very door of Europe, and the emperor is such a nightmare on its heart,—all is so dark and cold and hopeless under his sway, while the nations around are walking in light;—the system of his policy is so monstrous and intolerable, to ears in which "the rights of the many" are sacred and familiar words, and the "divine right" of tyrants a forgotten theme—and the man himself is so coldly, calmly, systematically, unspeakably cruel—that he should have read the horror which these things inspire in that majestic mirror, the forehead of a generous nation. We blush to think of this dark, bad, crafty man, under the protection of his imperial crown, offering to the free nobles of England gold and diamonds, wrung from the wretched serfs he rules,—that they may stand uncomplainingly by to see him put his iron hoof on a people of sixty-three prostrate millions, whom it grinds into the very dust.

The plan pursued by the author, in his volumes, is to take a rapid view of the showy and imposing materials which have dressed up that giant figure, the bugbear of European policy,—then to strip off the garments which cover its

nakedness, and show, in detail, that every single limb of the monster is rotten and unfit for service. His scheme is worked out with too much elaboration for us to follow—and, as our readers will readily believe, with very evident exaggeration. Indeed, the author does, now and then, expose his own misstatement, by an inadvertency in the act of making it. Referring those who would test the ingenuity of the author's system to the work itself,—where they will find a great deal of curious and crowded matter, with which we cannot deal,—our glimpses of these "Revelations" must be given in random extracts.

Among the evils which lie festering at the core of Russian empire, and are numbered by our author among the elements of its sure dissolution, are the unblushing venality and corruption which descend through all ranks of society:—

"From the door of the Emperor's ante-chamber, from the high officials of his court down to the sentinel at his gate, every man is an extortioner and a public robber, and all are united in one vast conspiracy to deceive the only man in the empire who cannot be bribed—the possessor of it. It has been cynically said, in allusion to the foibles of human nature, 'that every man has his price'—a sweeping assertion which, we once deemed only to be true by giving a wide latitude to the meaning these words immediately convey, and supposing that every man may be influenced to some dereliction of conscientious duty, by the possible combination and agency of his passions, feelings, and affections. But in Russia it is a lamentable fact, that this epigrammatic sentence bears a literal and universal application, for every man has his price in money. The minister, the judge, the general, the admiral, the long list of subordinates which completes the links of this chain, down to the petty *chenornik*, the serjeant, the boatswain, the *boatuschnik*, and the executioner, must all be included in the censure. From high to low, all equally conspire to rob the government by their peculations, and the public by their extortions, making the power with which an arbitrary system invests them, down to the last refraction of sub-delegated authority, a matter of notorious purchase."

The author gives some examples—public and private—of the way in which this extortion works:—

"It has been asserted that the Emperor, here and there, at long intervals, punishes these malpractices; but almost always the cases he selects, or which come to his notice are comparatively far from flagrant, and the punishment is utterly useless as a warning. Here are two instances:—A fire took place in Cronstadt, in the summer, and it was found that there was not a horse on the island in which it is situated, although the police master had for years charged for the keep of a large number; he was degraded to a private sailor. The very instalment of his successor began by the extortion of a bribe. Two years ago, the bank surveyor in the mortgaging department was applied to by an aide-de-camp of the Emperor's, to value a house he intended pledging to the bank. The surveyor observed, 'My charge is 2,000 roubles (90*l.*); pay them down, and I will give a good valuation without looking at the place, otherwise it shall not be valued at all for weeks, and undervalued then.' The aide-de-camp reported the affair to the Emperor; the surveyor was sent to the galleys. Three days after, in the same office, a similar demand was made to a fresh applicant."

"A poor nobleman had been carrying on a lawsuit for several years, when he received an intimation from the secretary of the tribunal, that unless he paid over 10,000 roubles (450*l.*) to the president, the case would be decided against him. The unfortunate litigant, who could not raise as many pence, thought him of applying to Count Benkendorf, the chief of the secret service, whom he had been led to believe was personally anxious to make an example of some of the delinquents, and who is one of the four or five men holding office in the empire, who are deemed incorruptible by the common rumour—or, at least, if the Russians utterly disbelieve in the existence of an unlimited integrity, of whom they say, 'We do not think even such a sum would buy him.' The party referred to offered the count to furnish him with an unquestionable proof of the venality of the president of the Court of Appeal; and for that purpose proposed that he should be intrusted with the amount of the bribe demanded, in notes privately marked. He undertook that these notes should be found on the president's person. The count consented. Since the good old times of the reign of Alexander, neither the secretaries, vice-presidents, nor presidents (the parties who in the courts of law receive all bribes affecting the immediate decision of civil or criminal cases), ever make their bargain or receive any money before a third party. Their dread of the anger of Nicholas even occasions them to resort to many precautions formerly not dreamed of; and in this instance the president declined receiving the money in his house, but proposed that the litigant should invite him to dinner at a tavern which he indicated, and there pay over the amount to him. It must here be observed, that it is not unusual in Russia for the judge to be thus treated. Let the reader imagine the Lord Chancellor of England taking a white bait dinner at Greenwich with one of the parties in whose case he was about to decide, and with whom he had only this professional acquaintance? However, the judge's proposition was acceded to, and his host caused an officer of gendarmerie to be stationed in an adjacent closet. The president made his appearance; he signified, by the action of his fingers that their pecuniary transaction had better precede the gastronomic entertainment; the host accordingly gave him over a small roll of bank notes, the president counted them in a very business-like way, and tossed them into his hat. As this was not yet quite satisfactory, in the hope that his guest would finally transfer the money to his person, his Amphitryon deferred giving the signal for the appearance of the secret police agent, and they sat down to dinner. At this moment some one knocked; it was the president's nephew, come to him with some trifling message from his lady. The judge gave him a brief answer, and bowed him out. At the conclusion of his dinner he was preparing to depart; he had pulled on his shube, and put his hat upon his head; when, on the preconcerted signal, the officer of gendarmerie rushed into the apartment with an order from Count Benkendorf, whose dictum every dignitary in the empire must obey, to search his person. 'Do not give yourself the trouble to search him,' said the excited nobleman, 'you will find the bank notes in his hat.' The president smiled blandly, and took his hat off at once; it was empty; when his nephew went out, he had taken up his uncle's hat instead of his own! The judge thus not only avoided the trap laid for him, but secured the bait, and doubly punished the informer; firstly, by deciding the case against him; and secondly, because, not having substantiated his charge, he was obliged to refund the 10,000 roubles advanced by the police. Can any one doubt that this worthy minister of public justice had received a private hint from Count Benkendorf's office?"

The emperor Alexander is said to have observed of his Russian subjects,— "If they only knew where to warehouse them, they would purloin my line-of-battle ships—if they could do it without wakening me, they would steal my teeth while I slept." Still the two following anecdotes are difficult to believe:—

"The Emperor Nicholas having been made acquainted, whilst Grand Duke, with the glaring malversations which took place in the naval arsenals of Cron-

stadt, sometime after his accession, suddenly sent down a commission, who placed the imperial seal on everything, and prepared to commence on the following day the labour of inquiry. That night the arsenals were destroyed by fire! But even the consuming element could not destroy the long accumulated evidence of fraud. On clearing the ruins, a number of cannon were discovered, which on reading the inscription on them, were found to belong to a man-of-war which had been lost a short time before in the Gulf of Finland, and as it had been reported, with all its guns and stores on board. It was therefore evident that her own officers had taken her out to sea for the purpose of sinking her, having previously left all the valuable part of her armament and provisioning on shore for sale. * * As regards the commissaria and ordnance, as well as all other government departments, one might fill volumes with the accounts of their connivance to defraud the crown, no less ludicrous and barefaced than that of a colonel of artillery, who being charged to superintend the delivery of a certain number of shells and shot cast for government at a private foundry in St. Petersburg, was bribed to place a subordinate at the front door of the yard, who was to keep the tally of the number of barrowfulls wheeled out, whilst they were wheeled in again by the back gate to pass again in review before him."

In our author's view, all things are rotten in Russia—cities and institutions alike. Our readers will remember Kohl's dreary vaticinations regarding the future probable fate of St. Petersburg: the author's description of its perishable character bears him out:—

"It is said that the soil of St. Petersburg is in many parts fathomless bog, and that the piles rather float than directly sustain the buildings above them; and it is well known that a prevalence of west winds—such as, if rare, will probably occur once in a century or two—would suffice to raise the waters of the Gulf of Finland high enough to sweep away the devoted city. It will be remembered how nearly this happened in the reign of Alexander. * * Nothing can be more obvious than that, in a very few years—in half the time that has elapsed since St. Petersburg arose from the marsh—if this city were not being perpetually built, the marsh would again succeed the city; the stucco would be dust; the walls it covers, ruins imbedded in the mud; and the col-spongy moss of this northern climate again creeping over it, with the acid cranberry that alone seems to flourish in its alternate bed of snow and stagnant waters. 'Only the St. Isaac's cathedral, the Alexander column, and the granite quays of the Neva's bank,' it is said, 'would a century hence survive the ruins of St. Petersburg, were it not for the intervention of man's preserving hand.'"

Travellers' tales, and long pre-conceived notions, where they imply any useful quality in the Russian subject, the author demolishes as he goes along—the Moujik's alleged endurance of cold—the speed and power of the Cossack horse:—

"A wager was laid by Mr. Gibson, the English consul, that two English horses would beat any two Cossack horses which could be selected, at a race of fifty versts, or upwards of thirty-three English miles. This took place long after the Cossack horses had been improved by the admixture of English and Arabian blood, and Mr. G. had no particular horses in view in making the match. He commissioned a friend to send two hunters for the purpose. Two tolerably well-bred, but at that date naturally not thorough-bred hunters, were sent out to him; whilst the Russians selected out of some fifty thousand of the best horses in the Cossack country. The race took place in the presence of the Emperor Alexander; regiments of Cossacks were dispersed along the line to keep it clear, thousands of pounds were betted on the issue of the match, and an immense concourse of people assembled to witness it. It commenced under these disadvantages for the Englishmen: firstly, they had grown men to ride, while the Cossack horses were ridden at feather weight; and secondly, one of the two English horses fell dead lame at starting. The other, at the half-way station, arrived, whilst the two Cossacks were far out of sight, and its rider being full of contempt for his antagonists, he dismounted, both to refresh himself and his steed; meanwhile the Cossacks came up and passed onwards. Now it happened that the commander of the Cossack horsemen stationed to keep the line, was deeply interested in the issue of the race, and by a very ingenious, if not very creditable, piece of jockeyship, he had contrived to be made acquainted at every instant with its progress. For this purpose the Cossacks had private orders, whenever the Russians were a-head, to hold their lances perpendicularly, when the English were foremost to drop them horizontally. As the horsemen were in sight of each other, this signal was in a few minutes telegraphed from one to the other, up to the count. At about the middle of the race, where the English horse had stopped, the lances after being constantly down, were suddenly raised up, and Orloff, imagining that now the bottom of the Cossacks was beginning to tell, made sure of victory, and betted another hundred thousand roubles on the event. But he was caught in his own trap—the lances went up again—the English horse came in at last, in miserable plight it is true, but the Cossack horses never came in at all, either dying or being obliged to be killed where they had fallen. With regard to the fast travelling in Russia, because the horses are always galloping with a short stride, and kicking up the snow, which generally forms an admirable railroad, and because six or eight are harnessed to a sledge or carriage, foreigners are apt to imagine that they go very fast. But it is probable that even by dint of bribery, exhortations, and the distress of his master's horses, to which the driver may be allured, no private individual accomplishes an average of fifteen versts an hour, which is ten miles, and eleven versts is much more common. The emperor, indeed, travels fast, but then horses constantly drop dead in the harness, and those who do not will never again perform a similar feat."

On the terrors of the Secret Police in Russia, in connexion with the system of corruption under which it is administered, the author is eloquent:—

"Every man in the Empire, from Field Marshal Paskevitch, Prince of Warsaw (until recently the only man of the first of the fourteen classes, down to the humblest individual above the condition of the serf, feels or fears that its all-seeing eye is watching his conduct, and often viewing it with vision distorted by private malignity, revenge, or envy. From what he has heard, from what he has learned and seen, the Russian doubts those nearest and dearest to him; the friend feels occasionally the suspicion flash across his mind that the friendship of long years may prove only a cloak to this fearful espionage which the secret police entertains in all classes of society; the brother sometimes dreads to confide to the brother thoughts which may be registered against him, and meet at some future period with a retribution, sure, if slow; the very bridegroom often questions whether the bride does not open to him her arms to worm from him some secret which may be supposed to exist. The very existence of the civil police is based on an avowed, if an illegal system of extortion. The police-masters, under the grand-master, the heads of *chasts* or divisions, the majors of quarters, and the naziratsels or aids under them, all receive salaries merely nominal. They not only make fortunes, but are all expected on New Year's Day to make a present to the grand-master, at least ten-fold exceeding the amount of their pay. There is no regulation, indeed, to

oblige the subordinate to make the present, and there is even an ukase to punish the superior for receiving any; but should the tributary offering fail, the underling would be not only removed, but disgraced, and prosecuted, on some other pretext, with all the rigour an indignant master could display towards a dishonest servant who had betrayed his confidence. Should his present prove below the usual amount, he is removed to a less lucrative situation; and if on the contrary, his ambition prompt him to sacrifice a larger portion of his iniquitous gains to swell his tribute, or that his superiour activity enables him to do so, it ensures promotion to a post which yields a more abundant harvest. A constant emulation is thus kept up in crime, between those established to detect and punish it. The reader may form some idea of the extent to which trade is burthened by these vampires, from the fact that tavern-keepers in St. Petersburg calculate, in a series of years, from forty to sixty per cent. of their profits to be wrung from them, directly and indirectly, by the municipal or civil police. All the inhabitants of the towns, excepting those who are protected by the high offices which they hold, their military rank, or their connexion with people in power, are perpetually exposed to the rapacity of its innumerable officials, grasping, remorseless, and depraved, and invested with an authority over nearly all the population, on which the only check appears to be the observance of an understanding by which to prevent confusion in the perpetration of all extortion and iniquity of which every large city in Russia presents the hourly spectacle. * * The passport office is comprised in the institution of the high police; and through its intermedium every individual above the peasantry is registered. Annexed to the duplicate of his registry, is a compilation of all the reports, collected by all the spies who have come across him during his life, with their original observations, notes, and denunciations, all arranged with such admirable order and regularity, that in St. Petersburg and Moscow, within a few hours, the superintendent of police can become acquainted with the most secret actions of his life, together with the opinions he is supposed to entertain, or, at least, the sentiments he has avowed. There is thus many an individual who imagines himself utterly beneath the notice of government, to whose name, in its black registry, are appended whole manuscript volumes upon volumes of secret information. Cordial acquaintances, dear friends, servants, and slaves, and too often relatives, have consciously or unconsciously contributed to swell the mass. * * 'Man forgets and God forgives,' whispered a Russian, 'but the secret police neither forgets nor forgives.' The frivolous conversation which took place years ago, at the dinner-table, over the punch-bowl, or in a moment of vexation or anger, all is noted, with the malicious comments of those who reported it. All is thrown into the balance when his fate is weighed, unknown evidence thus influencing the decision by unknown judges, of the destiny of a man who has perhaps, in reality, never offended even against the peculiar code of political and social morality which is the standard of this fearful institution. When the Russian subject has been found wanting in this balance, his disgrace overtakes him as suddenly and unaccountably as the doom of fate; and he may often waste the remaining years of his dreary existence in vain attempts to guess the cause of his punishment, his friends and relatives in conjecturing the nature of it. The grave is not more incommunicative as to what passes in the unknown regions beyond its bourne, than the secret police. It is true the enmity of private individuals, the anger or the vindictive spirit of princes, may die before them, or die with them; changes of party, and the web and woof of fresh intrigues, may render meritorious what a few years before was odious in the eyes of those who have been replaced or superseded; but all these eventualities seldom bring relief to those who suffer. * * The Russian is not only subject to this terrible surveillance within the pale of the empire, but when he travels abroad it follows him like his shadow. In the drawing-rooms of London and Paris, he dreads that the eye of the secret police may be upon him. Foreigners, in their own country, laugh at his terrors, but experience has taught him too painfully how truly they are grounded."

Some examples of this terrible action are recorded, which need the dark back-ground of the scene where they are laid, not to seem too startling:—

"It is four or five years since some indiscretion was committed by an individual who had some interest with those in authority, by narrating certain passages connected with the history of the secret associations concerning which the reader will hereafter find some copious details; in a word, he let his tongue run too freely on this dangerous topic. One morning an officer of gendarmerie presented himself in his drawing-room, and, with the greatest urbanity, desired him to follow him to the chancery of Count Benkendorf. When the pale-blue uniform of the officers or privates of this corps, who are the avowed and ostensible sbirri of the secret police, are once seen crossing the threshold, a visit from the angel of death alighting there could cause no greater consternation. He obeyed, as every one must do in such a case, and leaving his family a prey to their terrors, he stepped into a sledge with his dreaded visitant. He did not return that day, nor the next, nor the day following; his relatives were meanwhile assured that he was safe, that he had powerful friends and protectors, and that he would soon be restored to them. Thus six months of anxiety passed away; towards the middle of the seventh the officer again made his appearance, but in such guise as to be hardly recognized by those nearest and dearest to him; his ruddy cheeks were livid, his rotund body was wasted into angularity, the merry sparkle of his eye was gone, and its brightness quenched for ever in his terror. He did not complain of his treatment; on the contrary, it had just been proved to him that it was monitory and friendly. Nevertheless, it had reduced him to this condition. He narrated as follows:—Shortly after leaving his home he was placed in a dark apartment. At nightfall he was ironed and placed in a sort of box upon a sleigh, such as is occasionally used in winter to transport prisoners; a grating at the top let in the faint light reflected from the snow, but allowed no view of the scenery through which the speed of horses was hurrying him the whole night through. An hour or two before daybreak the vehicle stopped; he was blindfolded and led into a fresh resting-place. Through the whole of the next night he was carried along in a similar manner, arriving to sleep in a dark dungeon, and being again hurried forward on a road which his fears told him, beyond the consolations of hope, to be that of Siberia. Thus, night after night, and day after day elapsed; the former in spending towards the fearful solitude, the latter in reposing as well as he could from the fatigues of his arduous journey. The dark nights became moonlight; the moon waned again; and again the night became moonlight; and he was still forced to hasten on uninterruptedly, without having seen one furlong of the way. The faint light of the moonless winter's night, piercing through the narrow aperture which afforded air to his vehicle, now enabled him to distinguish the objects it contained, so well had his eyes become accustomed to the utter darkness in which he was kept during the day. Like all people, too, deprived of vision, after many weeks he learned to substitute for it a sense which the eye-sight often leaves comparatively dormant—that of discerning things by touch and feeling. He had no opportunity of making any observations on the road

he was travelling; but the interior of his cage he knew plank by plank, nail by nail, and it might almost be said straw by straw. He therefore, in the darkness of every day, endeavoured to make acquaintance with every fresh dungeon in which he found a night's abode. He was struck with the utter monotony and sameness of these places of relay; he had seen, as all Russians have, the battalions of the imperial guard, where one man, to the very setting of a cross-belt, to the colour of his hair, the shape of his moustache, and to the very expression of his countenance, as nearly resembles another, as two peas in one shell; but he was struck, after travelling some thousand versts or two, to find one dungeon resembling another so closely that every brick and stone was disposed precisely like another. At last, on one occasion, he left a piece of the hard brown crust of his rye bread marked in a peculiar manner with his teeth. To his utter surprise, at the end of his night's journey, he found a crust perfectly similar in the dungeon in which he lodged. He now began to doubt his own senses; sometimes he fancied he was insane; sometimes he conceived the unutterably fearful idea that he was somehow doomed to a dark and unrelieved monotony, which was to extend to the merest trifles, and that this was a means of moral torture, of which, as he approached Siberia, he was experiencing a foretaste. It is strange to say, that with these causes of suspicion, it was not till many weeks after that the thought flashed across his mind—a thought which he discarded as an illusion, but which at last came breaking in upon him like a ray of light—that he had never moved from the same environs, and had returned to sleep every night in the same spot. Such, in fact, proved to be the case: night after night, for months, he had been hurried along the same road, to return to the same cell. It must be remembered that this was not a punishment, but only a friendly warning, to deter a man in whom some one in power felt an interest from incurring it."

For the present we must bring our "Revelations" to a close.

SIGHTS OF LONDON STREETS.

By J. FISHER MURRAY, Author of "The World of London."

With or without your permission, good, bad, or indifferent, reader, as the case may be, we purpose to resume, in this pleasant month of October, our transcriptive dissertation on the sights of London streets.

These are so numerous and infinitely varied that you might as well try to chronicle the passing clouds. London streets make a kaleidoscope, in which two or three bits of men and women are always forming themselves into groups, comical, curious, and picturesque, for our amusement; through a roll of foolscap you may see your humble servant (that's me) at the corner of the streets, or deep penetrating into narrow lanes, taking an observation, then, having at hand portable pen, and exciseman's ink-horn at button-hole, see me rush into the "CHEQUERS," or the "CROOKED BILLET," and there and then, over half-a-pint of beer, making the passing occurrence of the moment permanent and immortal. Well, sir, and why not?

Your commercial traveller, by the profane mis-called bagman, travels in adamantine commodities and emollients—vulgarily styled hard and soft goods, or in the general line; your missionary travels on behalf of the spiritual welfare of skins of any colour except his own, soliciting your subscriptions; your patriot travels in philanthropy; your government commissioner in a post-chaise and pair; I, sir, travel in human nature; allow me to have the honour of showing you a sample, and, in behalf of our house, Bentley, of New Burlington Street, to solicit a continuance of your favours.

A poor man falls down in a fit, or the weakness of hunger overpowers him; he sinks against the wall of some splendid mansion; his features are compressed, his brow clammy cold, his lips livid; you saw him sink, not fall upon the ground with a squash, as the professional gentlemen, with artificial blood in their noses do the trick; it is a clear case of famine, and no mistake; now is your time to see what human nature is made of. The master of the house, or the lady, comes at the window, and instantly retreats; a powdered footman appears at the door, and looks up and down the street for a policeman to remove the nuisance; several well-dressed passengers look at the poor man, and pass on the other side; ladies as they go by him, fumble a little in their pockets, as if they meant to give something, but think better of it; an elderly gentleman, with drab gaiters and silk umbrella, pretends to feel the patient's pulse, shakes his head solemnly, and walks off, satisfied that he has detected an impostor; a housemaid of the mansion, touched with tender pity, hands up through the area rails a glass of water.

Now troop by the poor lost creature a group of working men in fustian jackets going to their dinners, whistling and gossiping as they go; they halt and surround the unfortunate man; they lift him, and put him in a more easy posture; one runs to the public-house, bringing some ale warm with ginger; they speak kindly to him, bidding him keep up his heart; they ask him—question to bring tears into dry eyes—where is his home; he looks up piteously, and whispers—he has no home—he has not where to lay his head.

"Now then," says one of the fustian jackets, taking off his hat, and shoving it into the encircling mob, "the poor devil's hard up, hasn't got no home, nor no victuals, drop a few browns to pay for a cab, you'll never miss it." The appeal is heard, curiosity is shamed into benevolence; the Samaritans in fustian call a cab, and the homeless man is driven to try the hospitality of Mary-le-bone Workhouse.

I think I hear a respectable gentleman, in an easy chair, with an easy income, and easy shoes, exclaim,

"Mister Author, this is very fine, but I have no doubt, for my own part, the fellow was a humbug—the scoundrel was acting."

"Was he though? All I can tell you is, my good fellow, if he was acting, you never missed such a chance in the course of your theatrical life; you have paid seven shillings to the dress circle many a time and oft, for a much worse performance, and here was a little bit of tragedy, without scenery, machinery, dresses, or decorations, you might have seen for sixpence, and been six and sixpence better for it."

I have seen these tragedies more than twice—everybody has seen them who knows London; Gilbert White saw them, when he said,

"I shall sink
As sinks a stranger, in the busy streets
Of crowded London; some short bustle's caused
A few inquiries, and the crowd close in,
And all's forgotten."

I do not deny that imposters are common; I know that they are clever, and are with difficulty to be discriminated from those real heart-rending cases of distress that London almost daily exhibits to our view. No punishment is great enough for these scoundrels; not that the offence is so great in itself, but because it adds and ministers to that covetousness, that hardness of heart, which furnishes us with an excuse—which we are all too ready to make, of not giving once, lest we might once be deceived.

To a man living on the shady side of life, whose poverty compels him to walk with his own feet, hear with his own ears, and see with his own eyes, the contrasted conditions of London Life afford much matter of painful contemplation. These contrasts are striking and forcible; they run the whole gamut of the social scale, from the highest treble to the deepest base; they exhibit human life in every colour, from hues of the rainbow to the deepest shadows and most unchequered glooms; and all this in a day's walk—in the space of a few palmy acres; next door to luxury and profusion you have hunger and despair; the rage of unsatisfied hunger and the lust of desires that no luxury can quench.

I have seen little children, fat enough for the spit, wrapped in woolpacks of fleecy hosiery, seated in their little carriages, drawn by goats, careering over the sward of Hyde Park: and, at the same moment, crawling from the hollow trunks of old trees, where they had found refuge for the night, other children, their nakedness hardly concealed by a few greasy rags flapping against the mottled limbs of the creatures, heirs of shame and sorrow, and heirs of misery and its necessary crime. I have seen a poor family, ragged, and hungry, the children running after an ugly pug-dog with a velvet jacket on, who was taking the air, led by an attendant footman with gold-headed staff. I have seen an old woman of eighty, painted, periwigged, bejewelled, and brocaded, taking an airing in a gorgeous coach, three footmen hanging on behind, her ladyship's companion a cynical faced pug, probably the only friend she had in the world; and I have seen another old woman of eighty—any of the Wapping Old Stairs watermen will remember Mary Mudlark—up to her mid leg in the Thames, raking and scraping the mud and water for rags, bits of sticks, ginger-beer bottles, scraps of iron, or whatever she could recover from the waters, by which she might earn a few pence to keep her from starving.

But it is painful to multiply these painful contrasts of condition, which every day's walk exhibits; one only conclusion can we draw from these spectacles, namely, how far removed is man by the accident of fortune from his fellow man, how utterly abandoned, even in the centre of civilization, outlawed from human aid, protection, sympathy, as soon as he ceases to have certain tokens of humanity, in silver, gold, paper, or brass about his person.

This is a wonderful age. We have discovered steam, and the atmospheric principle, and useful knowledge, and the electric telegraph, and Warner's benevolent engines, and what not; our maxims, too, are fine, cut and dried specimens of practical good-sense; "Go-ahead," "Every man for himself," "The weakest to the wall," and "Devil take the hindmost."

We have found out that money is the one thing needful; that capital is the only thing to save the country, and that England (meaning you and I) can never have too much capital; that labour is a thing to be bought with capital at the lowest possible price; that labourers are machines for producing more and more capital, of which we (you and I) never can have enough; that some people believe labourers have souls, and all are convinced that they have bodies, but that the proper way to deal with them is, politico-economically, that is, as if they had neither bodies nor souls.

These are grand discoveries, we admit, but, with the exception of Warner, steam, useful knowledge, and the atmospheric, we do not think the dark ages, as they are called, need knock under. The dark ages never found out that nice adjustment of the process of taxation, by which the entire time and all the energies of the labouring man are insufficient to drive the wolf from the door; nor was the tyranny of feudal lords a whit more arbitrary or irresponsible than that with which, in our enlightened age, capital dictates the time and wages of labour.

What a sight is a "Block-up" near Temple Bar about four o'clock in the afternoon; the multitudes of vehicles of every class, from the carriage of the wealthy citizen to the hand-truck of the itinerant dealer in ginger beer, all huddled together, pell-mell, in apparent inextricable confusion; what noise, what tumult, oaths, jests, ejaculations, what ill-suppressed impatience of lost time, until the leading obstruction being removed the massive procession slowly creeps onwards, again to be blocked on Ludgate Hill or Cheapside.

Stop thief! An elderly gentleman walks down Holborn Hill, with his silk handkerchief hanging invitingly out of his pocket, saying, "Come take me;" one of the light-fingered gentry following far behind, watches his opportunity; two middle-aged ladies keep an eye on the pickpocket, and, soon as the crime is perpetrated, cry, "Stop thief!" the delinquent takes the hint, and, throwing his head back on his shoulders, darts with the swiftness of a hare down the Hill; doubles a coal-waggon, is lost in a cab stand, and disappears like a flash of lightning into Field Lane, where he finds a refuge and a market.

Sometimes he escapes scot free; but at last, we meet him handcuffed with the identical handkerchief—the enquirer "hoist with his own petard" in custody of two tall policemen, who, with looks of triumph, anticipatory of being complimented as these "active officers," and rejoicing in a "case," bring the delinquent along. With streaming eyes, a couple of little draggled girls—partners in vice and misery, follow the prisoner, and the crowd run along in the kennel to catch a glimpse of his features, as, doggedly, and with an air of injured innocence, the poor wretch is hurried to captivity.

SMASH! tinkle, tinkle—a broken pane! One of the huge plate-glasses of one of our flash shops. A mob gathers in a moment; or, rather, it does not gather, it appears as if it came up through a trap in the wood-pavement; you hear the smash, and see the crowd, and can hardly tell which was first; the neighbouring shopmen run out in alarm, find it is Snooks's window, and run in again, rubbing their hands, and chuckling. Snooks himself, with brows knitted and stockings to match, rushes out, scans the mob with an inquisitive, suspicious look, which replies again to him with Macbeth's answer to Banquo, "Thou canst not say I did it." Snooks asks a tall policeman, who by the merest accident happens to be on the spot, what he (Snooks) pays rates for, to which the officer of justice, towering over the mob, like a stork among a flock of starlings, replies, "I'm sure I don't know." "Why didn't you take him," enquires the victim. "Where is he," enquires the man of the "force." "Don't you wish you may get him?" exclaims a mischievous butcher's boy.

Screigh-ee-vee-ee—keek-keek-keek—kee-vee-keek-vee—Tum-tum-tum.—'Tis Punch—our ubiquitous, immortal friend Punch!

In one of the quiet streets, debouching into the Strand, near enough to seduce the laughter-loving passers-by, yet not too near to interfere with the full flow of the living current—in an eddy of the populous stream, Punch establishes his theatre; at the first tap of drum and flourish of pandean pipe, the little populace of the neighbourhood collect in great force; the fore-ground is made up of little "toddlers," behind them, tier above tier are all ages of the rising generation; those who are to lay us in our graves; grown-up people, half ashamed, yet lingering, look on, in spite of business and care; even the Savoyard boy hitches up his organ and grins, as does the monkey on his shoulder, when Punch, belaboured by the ghost, clamours lustily for the poker.

Crack—crack—crack—into his flanks goes the whipcord with right good will—he brings up a bit—now he stumbles again—crack—crack—he goes on his

knees—he is whipped on his feet—he falls over on his side—he never gets up again. Crack—crack—Oh! very well—whip away till you are black in the face—the poor animal's time is up—his slavery is over—he will never drag wain more. The mob comes up, as usual, through the chinks of the stones, or else drops down from the sky; but there it is, talking, shouting, giving advice, loosening the traces, dragging away the wagon shafts from poor old Dobbin, whose glazing eye, and short, heaving breath, shows that his heart is broken. The whip—that universal horse medicine, is applied to head, withers, and flank; but it won't do; Dobbin merely lifts his head, as he would say, let me die in peace, winces under the lash, and lays himself down again.

The knacker is sent for. Dobbin cannot be permitted to die in peace—a dead horse and a killed horse are two different things in the cat's-meat market—the knacker's cart arrives in double quick—the mob admires the cart, the royal arms, and the inscription, "Knacker to her Majesty." The royal knacker—a swell knacker in cords and tops, with a bit of butcher's apron, just as big as a bishop's—merely to distinguish his profession—pole-axe in hand, descends from his vehicle; the delighted mob close in, eager to witness the scientific operation. The pole-axe is driven at one blow through the frontal bone of the expiring animal; the animal is fearfully convulsed, writhing in the most intense agony—the mob is quite in raptures at every kick of one brute and twist of the other—fainter and fainter become the death struggles of Dobbin—another turn or two, as a finisher—he is dead.

Now a chain is fastened to the dead horse's neck, and made fast at the other end to a winchlass, with rack and pinion fixed between the shafts of the knacker's vehicle; this is tilted up, and Dobbin slowly ascends, amid the facetious remarks and jocose sallies of the gratified spectators. "Sassengers," exclaims one fellow (a laugh); "Red Epping," shouts another (laughter); "Polonies," shrieks a third (much laughter); "Small Germans," "Leg of beef," "Kidney puddins," and a profusion of other allusions to the probable esculent qualities of the respected deceased.

A few extempore fights, got up by rival pot-boys, diversify the entertainment; the royal knacker disappears, the mob "maketh itself air, into which it vanisheth," and you walk off, greatly pleased with the extreme sensibility and innate dislike of anything like cruelty, which so eminently distinguishes the true-born cockney.

We often pause to watch the progress of a batch of raw recruits following an iron-faced drill-sergeant through London Streets; gawky lads, hawbucks, country clowns, and more rarely the palefaced artisan, by pressure of competition, choked off his trade, and forced to take the "shilling." There is the determined-looking poacher, who has compromised with justice, and engaged to enlist to save himself from transportation or imprisonment; there is the discharged grooin, in his master's livery waistcoat; and there, trotting along by himself, ashamed of his position and society, is the scamp of some decent family, the ne'er-do-well, the plague of his father, and the heart break of his mother, with whom every course has been tried and tried in vain, and who is now abandoned to his fate, the necessary consequence of misconduct. There, too, in a shabby suit of black, remains of old decency, with downcast eyes and despair pictured in his face, is one who has tried many a way of life, and tried in vain; too poor to have any friends, and too proud to lead a life of dependence—he becomes a soldier.

There is a sympathizing look in the spectators, as these poor fellows, foot-sore and weary, pass along their way, casting hurried glances of astonishment at the splendours surrounding them on every side; we cannot help following them into the obscurity of their homes, and conjecturing what diverse motives have contributed to drive them thence. Some caprice of village maiden, some worse than manslaughter of lordly pheasant, some step-mother darkening the threshold, some strike of work, some family bereavement, or, most lamentable of all, some sudden gust of passion or of pride, the abandonment of reason in the fatal cup of intemperance; these are the sources whence spring innumerable victims to the devouring man of war; these are the remote causes by which the Empire of Britain is extended and maintained at the extreme ends of the earth.

Yesterday these were individuals, to-day they are component parts of a great machine; will, action, motion, absorbed in the great business of discipline; these are they who make the glory of heroes, who fill up with big words despatches, who figure in the lists of killed, wounded, and missing; or who, escaping a thousand varied modes of death, return shattered and out worn, in the decline of life, to find themselves strangers in their own land.

INCIDENTS DURING THE LATE WAR IN THE INDIAN OCEAN, LEADING TO THE CAPTURE OF THE ISLE OF FRANCE

Within the limits of the torrid zone, and between the Isles of France and Bourbon, lay, on the calm smooth surface of the sea, a Bermudian cedar-built cutter, whose crew were anxiously awaiting the clearing up of a dense fog, that surrounded the little vessel like an impenetrable cloud. In this state of half-darkness the crew amused themselves by rejoicing over the exploits of the previous day's recapture of an English brig-of-war, after a long chase; whilst each man was recounting his own prowess, the vigilant eye of the commander observed a fog-eater, the usual precursor of clear weather, changing the dense vapour into rarefied air. Instantly his telescope swept the horizon, and suddenly a shout of joy burst forth, when he issued the order, "Out sweeps, my lads; a strange sail in the south-west." Never was order obeyed with more alacrity; already the sweeps bend to the stroke, the sea is lashed with foam, whilst easily the cutter glides along, by the strength and good-will of thirty stout British seamen. Soon the stranger is descied to be a schooner, steering for the Isle of France, which, unmindful of her danger, suffers the cutter to come within gun-shot, little dreaming that so small a vessel was a real man-of-war from England, armed with ten guns, and forty-two men. Slowly but surely she crept forward, like reynard towards his prey, till the fog gave way to a favourable breeze; then in went the sweeps, and this insignificant-looking craft, showing a single mast without sail, now gallantly stood towards the stranger under a press of canvas which swelled her out as a vessel of importance. This manœuvre, evidently observed by the stranger, caused her to steer wildly; confusion seemed to reign on board,—first she steered for the Isle of Bourbon, then wore round for the Mauritius, and, lastly, put before the wind,—alas! for her, the very point of sailing most favourable for the cutter. In vain did she fire guns to call forth her friends (two frigates) from their anchorage at Bourbon; in vain did her skysails and ringtail help her onward, for the swift Bermudian came up hand over hand, and after a run of ten hours, and a few complimentary shots, ranged herself alongside L'Hirondelle, French packet, whose flag was lowered over the taffrail, to the great joy of the captors. The lowering and manning of a boat was the work of a minute, and full possession being taken, the officers, crew, and passengers were soon transferred as prisoners to the cut-

ter. Amongst the latter were the Chief Judge of the Isles of France and Bourbon, and some Engineer officers, who eagerly inquired whether they had fallen into the hands of a privateer; but, on pointing to the pendant and uniforms, they became more reconciled to their fate, and, satisfied of meeting with honourable treatment, showed their feelings by incessantly exclaiming, "Fortune de la guerre! Fortune de la guerre!"

The next morning produced a fine view of Bourbon, and its stupendous mountain-top, tinged with crimson hues. It also ushered in the forlorn countenances of the prisoners, forming a dismal contrast to the smiling morn. Wistful they cast their eyes towards the port from whence they came, and many a low murmur breathed forth impatience for some expected relief, whilst the author of their misery stood by, revolving in his mind the most effectual plan for obtaining some clue leading to the concealment of the despatches. Again and again he paced the deck, little heeding the splendid oriental scenery around, which ought to have employed his pencil in less busy hours; but now his whole thoughts were bent towards unravelling an apparent "ruse" of the French Captain's, who, at the moment of surrender, tauntingly displayed an empty mail-bag, for the purpose of imposing a belief that the despatches and letters were consigned to the deep. After searching the prize, she was directed to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope, with its cargo and armament of six guns; consequently, no hope remained of effecting his ardent wishes but by placing a secret watch over the French officers during the night, a stratagem happily conceived, as they were overheard gabbling and laughing at the stupid English being outwitted by their manœuvre of padding the seamen's clothes with the despatches and letters during the chase; they were, however, greatly mistaken, as the same pair of ears heard also that a large sum in gold coins were disposed of in like manner, intended for the purchase of a privateer building at St. Malo! The next morning turned their grins into frightful grimaces; an order issued for all prisoners to appear on deck with their clothing; a general ripping ensued; out flew the letters by hundreds, also an important dispatch for the French Government, disclosing the military state of the defences belonging to the Isle of France. At this stroke of misfortune, the poor prisoners looked crest-fallen, particularly their Commander, who had betted, during the indiscreet conversation of the previous evening, that the cutter would become a prize to some of the French frigates cruising about the islands; hence his motive for not destroying the letters; and the sequel will show his expectations were near being realized, for, whilst the crew were collecting the golden pieces rolling about the deck, the attention of the Commander was drawn towards a large ship standing out from the land; it was a frigate, and a French one too. Scrambling for the money now became the practice for the moment; at the same time, the prisoners were politely requested to go below, lest unpleasant consequences might befall them, a hint perfectly understood and adopted instantly.

On came the enemy under a cloud of sail, bringing up a spanking breeze, whilst the little cutter, hauled close upon an opposite wind, scarcely moved through the water; her fate seemed certain. This state of affairs appeared to give vast satisfaction to Monsieur le Juge Lussac, for, in the dryest manner possible, he pronounced, "The tables will soon be changed!" Not quite so soon, Monsieur, for it was remarked that the Frenchman's stiff breeze had died away, leaving him with his sails flapping to the mast. Out sweeps, was now the cry, and strong and lustily the fellows pulled, spinning the little craft along like a Thames wherry. Monsieur le Juge's countenance now fell like the barometer in cloudy weather, and, notwithstanding his grave office, a few "sacris" escaped his lips. The distance between the vessels now perceptibly increased, owing to a false manœuvre of the frigate, which endeavoured ineffectually to tack; but, missing stays thrice, she did that at last which ought to have been done at first—she wore round on her heel, braced sharp up, and stood onwards; still the cutter gained to windward, and hopes of an escape began to be cherished, when, to the horror of the Commander and crew, it was remarked that the enemy were approaching with his first breeze, under studding sails; in went the cutter's sweeps, and every preparation made for going before the wind; on came the breeze, and so did the frigate! "Monsieur le Capitaine vill soon send his compliments," said the exulting Judge; sure enough he did, for the loud boom of a report broke upon the ear, bringing after it a weighty messenger, passing through the square-sail, followed by other shots ricocheting along the cutter's sides. The Judge of men descended below; oh! he was a wise Judge; for the pelting storm of balls came thicker and faster. All now felt the Judge's prediction, and even the Commander ordered his uniform on deck, to appear in "propria persona" if captured. What was to be done? Aye, that was the question! and little time to lose in debate. At length the truth appeared—the cutter was out of trim; accordingly, every nerve was strained to set the Bermudian well by the stern. This done, on she flew, dashing through the main with renewed speed; the Frenchman's compliments now fell kindly astern, and the thunder of his artillery sounded fainter and fainter; the Commander sent his rich uniform below, and the wise Judge popped up his head, asking, in tremulous tone, "Vare is de frigate?" "Thank God! a long way astern" "Parbleu," responded the sage Lussac; and down he went to condole with his unfortunate companions; thus—

"Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,

Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene."

Night came on, closing the scene of the cutter's fears, and the Frenchmen's hopes; the course was now changed, and to supper went the joyful crew. In the morning nought was seen but a faint blue outline of Bourbon peeping above the horizon.

Now the Commander is seen pondering upon the next best step to be taken; he surveys the past and the present, and debates with himself whether it will be better to join the Commodore cruising off the Mauritius, or proceed direct for the Cape of Good Hope. To other minds than his own the matter might appear insignificant from so trifling a vessel; but small as it did appear to others, yet it contained the germs of important events, which eventually threw the Isles of France and Bourbon into the hands of the English; for the captured dispatch gave a detailed account of the French forces in the two islands, describing their wants, and ending with an urgent demand from the Governor (General De Caen) for an immediate reinforcement of troops, otherwise it would be impossible to defend the Isle of France against 3000 men.

Now the Isle of France, from the goodness of its harbours, had been the scourge of the East India trade for a period of seventeen years; millions had been taken from them by the active French cruisers, which invariably found a secure asylum in its harbours. To destroy this nest of hornets was surely a desideratum much to be wished, and the Commander thought so; and thus judging, he determined upon proceeding to the Cape, for by so doing, the important article of time would be saved, although such a step savoured of breaking his instructions; therefore, instead of joining the Commodore, he sailed for the Cape, presented the French dispatch to the Commander-in-Chief, who gave his high approval of the course pursued; and ordered the cutter to England, to

present the famous dispatch to the Prime Minister; which service being done, the same Commander, in the same cutter, arrived out again to the Cape, and reached Madras in safety, with dispatches containing orders to the several Commanders-in-Chief to collect their forces, and attack the Isles of France and Bourbon. These orders, all the world knows, met with the utmost success; and to this day this celebrated island is a part of the British Empire!

A MISTAKE AND A DUEL.

From the "Fitzchizzle Papers."

I fear, after all, I am not intended for an autobiographer. And that David Hume's must still remain the best self-chronicle of the age. I have not that heavenly state of mind which induces the unqualified confessions that are so refreshing in converted sinners, such as "Saint Augustine," or the Reverend John Newton, who paint their early iniquities with a piquancy that would make one deny the poet's axiom—

"Joy's memory is no longer joy."

I am rather of the temper of *Aeneas*, when he told the Carthaginian frail fair that he had rather she wouldn't mention his early transgressions, all which he detailed to her though he had declared them unspeakable (*infandum dolorem*), a circumstance that confirms my theory that *Aeneas* was an Irishman. The exemplary Hibernian who requested the priest, by way of saving the time consumed in a lengthened confession, to "set him down for everything but murder," had a pretty notion of autobiography, and by his example must I be led, doing with my life what *Shenstone* did with his gardens, "covering what was to be hidden, and opening up what was to be seen." There is one incident, however, which, in my anxiety to save the rising generation, I must relate. They will see when I conclude that "the tale I tell has for once a moral." I must request my expectant reader to grant me the favor frequently requested by unhappy melodramatists—to allow a series of years to intervene since my escape from *Canterbury*.

It was the evening of the day of a coronation, and there were all manner of rejoicings, such as John Bull is wont to make because he is so happy as to obtain a new recipient of his millions. I had wandered into Hyde Park, having my ribs indented and my pockets carefully examined as I proceeded. The latter operation was, however, performed in vain, as, if it be true that the devil has such bad taste as to haunt a gentleman without money, he might have been very appropriately in my company on that occasion. The reflections which such a state of mind produces are not the most delightful, and I was proceeding through the crowd, a sort of of shufflingcock hurried by the edge of a shoulder to the point of an elbow, and vice versa. Suddenly I was, as sailors say, brought up all-standing by running tilt with my head into the countenance of an elderly gentleman, whose spectacles were smashed in the collision, while Katherine-wheels a d d manner of blue lights were made to dance before my eyes. I hate profanity, so I shall not detail the language held by the elderly object of my unconscious violence. Had my uncle Toby heard him he might have blushed for the blasphemous horrors of "the army in Flanders."

"Knock him down!" suggested a humane individual.

"Take him up!" roared the sufferer.

"Oh, is!" said the sweetest voice in the world, "I am sure the gentleman didn't mean it." I looked at the speaker. There she was leaning on my antagonist, the loveliest girl in the prettiest pink bonnet I ever beheld. I tried to look excessively grateful and bewitching, forgetting, however, that the leaf of my hat being flattened up, and my eyes swollen with the blow, made me seem more like a votary of *Bacchus* than of *Cupid*.

"Gentleman!" muttered the enemy; "d—d tailor, infernal counter jumper. Get out of my way!" he exclaimed, flourishing in dangerous proximity to my eyes a very ponderous walking-stick. I made way for my opponent, put up my hand to salute his fair companion, and for the first time discovered the novel position of the leaf of my hat. A general guffaw from the spectators acknowledged the novelty of my position, and I turned and bowed into the crowd, amid, as they say at political meetings, tumultuous applause. I had not proceeded far when I was touched on the shoulder, and looking round in alarm, beheld at my side Lieut.-Colonel Count Ajax O'Rafferty, Knight of Don Giovanni Gonzales, ex-aide-de camp to General Bolivar.

"By my soul!" said the Count, "you're like a quicksilver toy; touch you on the shoulder, an' you'll jump like a kangaroo. I hope it isn't true that they're sayin' about ye in the crowd."

"What are they saying?" said I, in a very ferocious accent.

"Egad," replied he, "they're sayin' ye wor pickin an ould gentleman's pocket—"

"Count O'Rafferty!" said I, "a joke's a joke, but damme, Sir—"

"There! there! it's a lie, an' that's a comfort," said the Count; "but there they go again! By the mass she's a good looking girl."

"Good-looking!" said I, "she's divine! We must see how they are, I rather think she was struck with my appearance."

"By St. Peter! the ould gentleman was struck wid you—but it would be queer if she wasn't, for I expect the police will take you up on general suspicion."

By the aid of the Count I had my chapeau straitened and my countenance as much improved as a pair of rapidly-approaching black eyes would permit it to be, and we held a consultation as to the proper plan of discovering who the party was to whom I had so unceremoniously introduced myself. The result of our deliberations was that the Count's person being unknown to them, that gallant warrior should undertake to see them earthed, an exploit which he engaged to perform "if they lived this side o' purgatory."

All this being satisfactorily arranged, I sauntered about for an hour, and then betook myself homewards, where having regaled myself with some hot brandy and water and a grilled bone, I betook myself to bed. It was not in the best humour with the world in general, that I looked next morning into my toilet glass, and discovered two graceful circlets of "imperial purple" surrounding either eye. To make love in that trim was out of question. To make money so equally hopeless, for the most unsophisticated tradesman that ever studied physiognomy would not credit a man with two black eyes. I was pondering on the subject when Count O'Rafferty was announced.

"Give me yer fist; I did it," said the Count. "I saw them home beautiful. They live at—, Brook-street. He's an East India General, and her name's Kate; I heard that by lingering a little at the door after they knocked. And do you know what the ould sinner had the impudence to say?"

"What did he say?"

"Why, by the holy apostle, he pointed to me—that's descended from the Kings of Connaught—an' sez he, 'That swell-mob vagabone has been dogging us—is your reticule safe, Kate, my love?' I had my fist crooked to floor him, but on your account I didn't."

"Thankye, Count; but now what am I to do?"

"Write to her, to be sure—"

"I wrote to her a letter,

An' I sailed it with a ring,"

as the ould ballad says. Write to her an' tell her that av she doesn't relint you'll commit suicide an' afther that you'll go mad."

I am ashamed to confess that I took the Count's advice, with the trifling alteration of placing the madness previous to the suicide. I addressed the letter to "Kate, at—Brook-street," and committed it to my Flibbertigibbet to deliver. Two days passed, but without any intelligence, when, on the third morning I received, with great agitation, the following curious epistle:—

TO CARTING FITZCHIZZLE.

"How crewal of yew, Capting, to dogg me hoam. Yew did not kno but I might loose my place throo you, and be turned out upon the street. Yew don't kno my father's temper, if it was to happen so I need not return. Yew say yew will cutt your throte, or do some other ridiculous action, but don't. Cum heer on Sunday at four, they will all be gone to Grinidge."

Yew's notwithstanding, KATE."

This note was not like Donna Julia's,

"Written upon a gilt edged paper

With a small crowquill slight and new,"

but upon such paper as is used by grocers to enfold tea, and with blotches of ink frequent enough to prove that she at least possessed

"What copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,

The first and best of arts—the art to blot."

Yet after all what was Lindley Murray to Tom Moore? What was orthography to love? and it was probable besides that the old gentleman was eccentric, and had taught his daughter orthography himself. I satisfied myself that, as Brougham says of being abused, I rather liked her bad spelling than otherwise. I determined to go fearlessly and visit her at four o'clock on Sunday.

Self-confidence they say is the best quality wherewithal to fight one's way in the world, and I have left myself little room for self reproach on that subject. It was, therefore, with no little *ennui* that I heard from Mr. Philatty Verdaunt—a junior barrister, who visited me on the important Sunday referred to—a long, and, as the newspapers say, ingenious address to show that I was about to make myself a fool in the affair in Brook-street. Mr. Verdaunt was a young gentleman who made daily speeches to his books as an imaginary jury, and to his wig-block as an ideal assessor—advised the former "as fathers and brothers," and suggested to the latter "with great respect, my lud," and so disgusted was I by his vapid Old Baileyish demonstration of what, to confess the truth, was my own very evident foolishness, that I abandoned a half hesitation that had been creeping over me in the morning, decided that my Kate "was the daintiest Kate in Christendom," and her epistle a model for Addison. If "my almost blunted purpose" had required new whetting, that was even at hand, for the adventurous aide-de-camp of Bolivar joined us at breakfast.

"Go!" said the Count, "to be sure you'll go, or av you don't I'll conquer my modesty and take your place. Why should ye fear an ould Indian? Egad, if ye had practised the scaling of nunneries in your youth as I have, it would cure such qualms. I remember when Santa Crasha was hourly expected to attack us, I was on duty at an outpost—a nunnery at the foot of the Andes. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the cigars were magnificent. If the cursed country could have afforded such a thing as a drop of *potteen* I'm sure I should have felt quite sentimental. I was thinking over the list of my schoolfellows, for an ould *Dublin Post* had fallen into my hands, being wrapped round a ham that I stole in Lima, and in it I read that one of them, who had a cruel taste for penmanship, had written another man's name on a bill in mistake for his own, and ould Bushe had made him an exile of Erin. I was quite in a pensive turn o' mind when I got a blow on the head from a brick, that, but for the cocked hat and the natural thickness of my cranium, would have made a cherubim of me on the spot. I started up in no very pleasant humour and I saw on a balcony a lady—by the holy priest of Croagh-Patrick the purest crater I ever laid eye upon."

"Oh, then," thought I, "my darlint, 'tis yerself that's an angel, but yer might take gentler means of attractin' one's attention than splittin his skull!"

She whispered something in Spanish, but the d—l a word could I comprehend more than if she had been talkin' Syriac.

"Stop a moment, *ma vourneen bawn*," sez I, "an I'll go up to ye. I'm a little hard of hearing," and with that I exerted one of my early school accomplishments, and was beside her in a moment. If I couldn't talk Spanish I could make signs, so I put my arm round her waist, and began to blarney in pantomime at a d—l of a rate. She wasn't at all displeased—how should she?—but, bolting away from me, she entered the house, and held, as I could hear, a long conversation with some one inside. At last she and another young lady came out, and putting her finger on her lips, she signalled me to descend as I had come.

"Oh!" thought I, "there's danger, is there? then I'll not get them into a scrape—" so, letting myself over the balustrade, I quietly dropped to the ground. In a moment they appeared looking over the balcony, and one of them cautiously commenced letting down a large basket by a cord. "Hollo! is it an elopement she manes?" I said to myself. "What the deuce am I to do? Never mind, I'll trust to Providence." I reached out my arm, and caught the basket. The rope was suddenly let go, the door above was as suddenly slammed, and I was like Childe Harold—"in the world alone." Two mortal hours I waited, but no sign. I heard the trumpet to recall us. "D—n! the basket," said I, kicking it once, when lo! a hearty scream, shrill and continued, issued from its internal wicker. I was thunderstruck, but there was no time to lose. I lifted the basket, hung it to the Porter's knocker, cursed my schoolmaster who had not taught me Spanish, and registered, as Dan says, a vow in heaven never to lay my head, while I lived, on anything made of willows."

The appointment drew near, and taking the arm of the Count forth we sallied to "try the fate of Antony." It was scarce four when we reached Crook street, and we wiled away the time by sauntering on the opposite side of the way, and reconnoitring the fortress. At length St. George's struck the hour, and I, with a bold heart, crossed the street and knocked. My hand was scarcely off the knocker when the door was flung open, and I very unceremoniously dragged by the collar into the hall, which was absolutely lined with black servants.

"That's right, Nero! Seize him, Galba! Tie his hands, Otho! Follow the accomplice, Claudius! Run for a constable!" exclaimed the well-known tones of my victim, the Indian. I saw there was little opportunity to deliberate. I complimented Nero with a kick on the shins that sent him, like the priest in *Hamlet*, to "lie howling"—gave its fellow to Galba—Otho prudently retreated, and having obliged their master with a touch in the stomach that

doubled him up like a backgammon box, made good my exit, meeting Claudius, as I ran into Hanover square, progressing upon one leg, and holding by the rails yelling with terror. The Count, as Mr. Cooper says, "knew Indine natur," and had administered to the fifth Cæsar a blow on the shins like the kick of a cart-horse. When I reached home, I found O'Rafferty before me.

"What the d—l did the nagro want with me!" exclaimed the Count. "The d—l smother him—I've split my pantaloons wid the kick I gev him."

"He wanted," said I, pensively, "to apprehend you as my accomplice in, I presume, an alleged burglary which it was supposed I was about to commit."

"Saints and angels! but you're jokin'—what do you mane!"

I related to the ex-soldier of liberty the whole history of my adventures—the assault made upon me by, as O'Keefe's farce has it, "seven holy Roman emperors," my rebutting of the same, the which to hear having seriously inclined, he bounced from his chair and rubbing his hands with much satisfaction, vociferated,

"Queen of glory, but it's beautiful!"

"Well, upon my soul," said I, "I don't exactly see the beauty of it just at present."

"Tis the prospect, man—the prospect! We'll lave him quivering on a daisy," said the Knight of Don Giovanni.

I looked puzzled at the Count's horticultural metaphor. "We'll shoot the ould vagabone" he added, in an explanatory tone; "I'll carry the message."

"He'll give you in charge!"

"No, he won't! I've no doubt he belongs to that liverless brotherhood, the Oriental. I'll go there and see if I can't provoke him!" "Nothing easier than that," replied I. "Not quite so easy as you imagine. I carried a message to an attorney once. He took down every word I said, trying to rouse him to come out. I wound up by alleging that I had no doubt he'd behave like a gentleman, and he threatened to prosecute me for slander."

Now, although it was a very doubtful point whether I had the least right to any satisfaction after thrusting myself into my opponent's house, yet, smarting as I was under the blows of the three Cæsars, and being as the indictment says, "thereunto incited by the devil," I permitted the Count to have his way—did that, in fact, which should be for any man a passport to Bedlam—put my life in the hands of an Irish gentleman. Sunday evening as it was, off started the Count upon his hostile mission, and I began to feel a little queer at what I had done. I did not, however, seriously contemplate the possibility of a duel, and was pretty much composed till the return of my ambassador.

"By the ghost of George Robert, he's a trump! He's a glorious ould Trojan," exclaimed the Count as he entered.

"Why," said I, "is it a mistake. Has he explained it all? Has he apologised?"

"Apologised!" said O'Rafferty, with a look of the most contemptuous pity, "an' d'ye think that my father's son would call him a tramp for makin' an apology. It's a thing that one of my name never either gave or took. When my father's papers were seized by the sheriffs at Drumhoolagan Abbey, there were three chests of 'em, bills and love-letters, but d—l an apology nor a tailor's receipt in the lot, and my father, rest his soul, had fought most of the Irish House of Commons, besides George Robert Fitzgerald and Bryan Maguire."

"Come," said I, I confess rather tremulously, "what on earth did he say?"

"He said," replied the Count, "that he was delighted to hear you were a gentleman, for he never would have thought so, and that he'd shoot you in such a style as would be a pattern to posterity. He referred me to an ould naval officer, a regular Brutus, who quite agrees with me that nothing can justify a blow, as he wittily said, your being kicked by naggroes makes it all the blacker, and that one of ye must come from the field upon a door."

I gave a deep groan.

"Everything's settled," pursued the Count, "an' ye're ready to shoot him to-morrow morning, in the prettiest spot in Europe for the job—a three-cornered field out at Highbury. It's a mighty queer coincidence that Commander Van Thump, the ould chap's second, should have noted the same spot as a bijou."

"Oh, very odd," said I, abstractedly—"devilish queer"—the last two adjectives, by-the-way, exactly expressed the state of my courage at the time.

"An' ye see," said the friend of the Liberator, "I'm never at a loss, called round by Garret D'Arcy's, an' borrowed his tools." Here he produced the most murderous pair of weapons I ever saw. The present generation, who, when they triumph over the fear of the Old Bailey, and come to the ground, always hit each other in "the thick part of the thigh," are "a generation that knew not Joseph." They never saw the old flint-locks, with a barrel two feet long, and notches enough, in memory of murders committed, to have passed them for the weapons used at the Massacre of the Innocents.

"Look at this notch," said the Count, pointing to an indentation in the breech of one of the burglarious arms, "that's put there in commemoration of ould General D'Arcy's father shootin' a counsellor who had looked askance at him at a St. Patrick's night ball, in the Duke of Portland's time; and it wasn't discovered till after he had shot him that the poor counsellor had been born wid a squint."

There were about two dozen notches, with a similar legend attached to each, with all which the Knight of Gonzales regaled me, and having comforted me with the assurance that my opponent had been "a candle-snuffer" in his time, left me to the pleasure of my own reflections. Never did I deliver imprecation more heartily than a curse which I gave, as the Count left me, to the institutions of Freemasonry, by which the life of O'Rafferty was saved when the Spaniards had him on his knees to be shot in South America. Only for his bloodthirstiness I need not have been in this desperate condition. But I never was given to repining. I sat down, wrote a few letters, and tumbled into bed. I had fallen into a troubled sleep about four o'clock, when I found myself rudely shaken, and heard O'Rafferty exclaim—

"Get up! I've 'saddled white Surrey.' 'Tis a beautiful morning as ever fell from the heavens. D—l a blink of sun to play on the barrel, or spoil an aim. It's as gray as the morning when my father, rest his soul, shot his sub-sheriff, and won a cool hundred on a bet that he'd hit the third button of his waistcoat."

"For heaven's sake, O'Rafferty," said I, "stop those anecdotes of your barbarous country, and let a man on the brink of the grave collect his thoughts."

"Never talk of the grave, man," said the Count, "except for your enemy. The pistols you have 'ud almost shoot a fellow without you. The Holy Church says that St. Dunstan's harp played without hands, and why should not they?"

In twenty minutes we were on the road. I, as pensive as Sir Harry Inglis (for the late Lord George Grenville, or the present Sir Alexander Grant, had not a greater horror of a pistol than had I on that blessed occasion), and O'Rafferty humming to himself—

"Ladin' short an' merry lives,
Goin' whin the devil drives,
Live the rakes of Mallow."

We reached the ground, and leaving the cab outside the gate, entered the field. My enemy was already there, accompanied by Van Thump—a sinister-looking old scoundrel with a wooden-leg, and the wickedest eye in London. O'Rafferty greeted him. I heard them decide in a pig's whisper on twelve paces, and O'Rafferty paced it as if he had the lumbago. They placed us, the Count putting one of the assassins into my hand.

"One!"—"Two!"—"Three!"—said Van Thump.

Pop! Pop! went the pistols. I heard something like a curlew whistle past me, and next moment the most terrific yell that ever split human tympanum struck upon my ear! I knew at once it was the death-cry of a horse.

"Blissid J—s!" ejaculated the Count. "Holy Mother! what a voice he has. I thought he had more pluck than to shout that a-way. I knew D'Arcy's barkers 'ud do it."

By this time the cloud of smoke had cleared away, and revealed the Indian, "in his habit as he lived"—safe and sound. At the same moment the cabman appeared at the gate of the field.

"Vich of yer gemmen," said the functionary, "is to pay for my 'oss! You've hit him in the juggler, an' he won't live many minutes. A precious jewell you've made of it—you have! But here's the perlice!"

"The police!" said the Count. "Run!—for the sake of heaven, bolt!"

I needed no second exhortation. Off we went, "over bank, bush, and scaur," while Captain Van Thump and his principal fell into the hands of the enraged constables. I need not add that the Indian had no pleasure of paying for the horse, and I—never again visited Brook-street.

But what of Kate? I was scarce housed when I sent for Fibbertigibbet.

"To whom," said I, "sirrah, did you give that letter which I sent by you to Brook-street?"

"Vy, to Kate, to be sure!" he replied.

"And who the devil was Kate?" roared I, approaching the fellow as he made for the door.

"Vy, Kate down the hairy," he replied, "an' she sed as 'ow she'd reply next day." He made his exit in time to escape a footstool hurled at his head, and the great mystery of orthography and assaults was cleared away.

TWO TEXTS ILLUSTRATED.

"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."
"Be pitiful—be courteous."

Any one in the slightest degree conversant with either of the great English universities, must be aware of the two grand divisions of their youthful population into reading men and *rowing* men—not boat-rowing (for that is a characteristic applying to be h), but diligent, devoted students, and idle, mischievous, belligerent lads, whose feuds with the townfolks, and other perpetual pranks, keep the invidious office of proctor from degenerating into a sinecure.

There is, however (and the class, for the honour of England, is a numerous one), between these extremes of study and idleness a sort of *juste milieu*, in a host of noble fellows, who, while devoting a fair portion of their time to the purposes of their residence at the university, are yet foremost in the manly exercise of the place; and deservedly popular with their companions, without forfeiting the good opinion of the seniors of their college. Among these, few ever stood higher with both than my cousin Arthur Penn, whose character was a happy and rare compound of spirit and steadiness, of firmness where principle was concerned, and facility and sweetness of temper in trifles. None "sporting oak" [that is, locked his door] more determinedly during the hours appropriated to study; or turned out, when these were over, to more thorough enjoyment of whatever sport was "toward;" pulling his oar in a boat-race with the same hearty good will and acknowledged superiority as stamped him a "first-class man" in another and higher field. Then he was not only singularly handsome (an advantage not unappreciated even among men,) but carried on his beaming intelligent countenance one of nature's most veracious letters of recommendation, which owed to the faithful reflection of the fine mind within that fascination which, in man or woman, even when less genuine, always insures supremacy. But Arthur's smile was sincerity itself, and his courtesy that of the heart, else I should scarce have deemed worth recording for his own honour, and the benefit of others, an instance in which, by forbearance and urbanity, he disarmed hostility, and gained a valuable friend.

A keenly contested rowing-match had occupied, during the greater part of the day, a set of young men of whom Arthur was prevented, by a special academical exercise, from making one; but, anxious to learn the result, he had strolled down at the hour of their expected arrival towards the river. Finding the boats, contrary to his calculations, already come in, and the rowers dispersed, he also turned towards his rooms, as it was getting late and dark, and he had yet to put the finishing touch to the essay for which the day's amusement had been sacrificed. He was threading somewhat rapidly, in the fast waning twilight, the rather intricate lanes which formed the short cut to his college, when the sound of footsteps behind him, keeping pace, though with apparent effort, with his own, gave him the disagreeable impression of being dogged; and to ascertain the fact, he suddenly stood still, to give the person behind an opportunity of passing on. He, too, however, stopped short until my cousin again moved, when the unknown resumed his undesired attendance.

Arthur, who would at any time rather balk impertinence than be under the necessity of resenting it, and whom the headache consequent on a day of intense study had made particularly desirous of quiet and privacy in his evening stroll, sought to shake off the intruder by diving into a side alley, leading, though more circuitously, to his chambers. But here again, his purpose was so decidedly frustrated by a similar move on the part of his "double," that there was nothing for it but to bring the matter to a point by turning round to confront his persevering shadow. I have said that my cousin, though warm, was by nature courteous; and on seeing in his follower—instead of a saucy youth of his own standing, or a rude fellow of twice his years, either of whom, if bent on insult, it would have been his first impulse to knock down—a venerable looking aged man, trembling under the apparently mingled influence of recent terror and strong excitement, his feelings of annoyance found a milder vent in simply saying, "If, as I am led to believe, sir, you intentionally dog my steps, it must be under the error—which this lamp will afford you the opportunity to rectify—of mistaking me for some one else." The old gentleman, for such his dress and aspect bespoke him, gazed as steadfastly as his agitation would permit on his calm opponent; and then, to Arthur's great surprise, and no small indignation, exclaimed, "No! there is no mistake—I am on the right track; and you are the rude unmanly fellow who could first hustle, and then push into the river, a defenceless old man."

It was in vain that Arthur—whom close inspection enabled to perceive that the poor old man, in addition to other causes of tremor and agitation, was shivering with wet—disclaimed, in the most earnest and solemn manner, all participation in an unmanly outrage, of which he not only professed himself, but referred to all who knew him, to pronounce him incapable. In vain did he, though writhing under the imputation, patiently detail, for his irritable accuser's satisfaction, the nature, nay, the very subject of college exercise which had caused his day's seclusion, and the *alibi* it enabled him to establish on the authority of at least a dozen witnesses. The old man, smarting under cruel insult and injury from a collegian of similar height and appearance, precluded by increasing emotion from listening to reason, or forming a dispassionate judgment, remained as unpersuadable as ever, and continued to lavish on my cousin a series of epithets and threats, under which his naturally quick temperament had a good deal to do to remain passive.

But age, and suffering age especially, had in his eyes a sacred privilege; and seeing in his unreasonable threatened prosecutor only a very ill-used, and to all appearance, if suffered to remain much longer in the night air, seriously indisposed elderly gentleman, he put a period to their colloquy by saying, firmly but gently, and suing the action to the word by passing his arm under that of the exhausted and well-nigh sinking old man—"We will defer, sir, till another day—when my card here will give you ample opportunity for making yourself acquainted with my character—all discussion of the probabilities of my connexion with the dastardly indignities under which you are suffering. In the meantime, unconvinced as I see you still are of my innocence, you must allow me to discharge the duty, and enjoy the satisfaction, of seeing you safely home. I were all you take me for, nay, less than a man, could I allow you, ill as you are, to find your way alone."

The old gentleman gave a look, still an incredulous though bewildered one, in my cousin's face, grasped eagerly at the card held out to him, and ere long, to avoid falling, exhausted by conflicting emotions, on the ground, was fain to lay hold, though less willingly, of the sturdy proffered arm also, supported by which he tottered feebly homeward.

To the surprise of one as yet perfectly unaware of the name or rank of the person he had so strangely encountered, the house to which the old man led was one of the handsomest in the town, the residence of an opulent banker and leading inhabitant of the place, at the threshold of which its owner stopped, returning a somewhat stiff acknowledgment for a safe conduct, which he evidently ascribed to a tardy check of conscience, or fear of consequences, in the original aggressor. Regretting this delusion, but sure of being triumphantly cleared on inquiry, Arthur walked quietly home, thankful for having been enabled to keep his temper, and to repay unmerited obloquy by Christian kindness, and the purely disinterested deference claimed by age and indisposition.

Disinterested as it was (else it would have been worth nothing), virtue proved in this case its own reward. Made aware, by investigation, not only of the innocence of Arthur of the actual outrage which had so chafed and endangered him, but of his peculiarly correct and amiable character, and high estimation with young and old, what might in the banker have been simple desire to atone for unjust suspicions, was heightened into lively esteem for one who, thus trusted, had shown himself not only patient, but courteous and compassionate.

Long ere the old gentleman himself had sufficiently recovered the effects of an attack, the author of which, already a blot on the university, was traced out and expelled, his son had been made the bearer of his father's card, accompanied with warm proffers of a hospitality testified, during my cousin's whole remaining college residence, by admission to many a splendid banquet; at which the venerable host seldom failed to recount, as an *amende honorable* for past errors, and an encouragement to similar conduct in the young men present, his nocturnal adventure, and the lasting friendship to which it had given birth.

Lasting indeed: for when, some seven years after, its youthful object returned from abroad to indulge in a hasty visit to his alma mater, almost his first inquiry was after his aged host; and the tear which rose in his eye on hearing he was no more, was unalloyed with one pang of remorse for having withheld from age its meed of duty or forbearance.

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN—A TALE OF 1760

BY HARRY LORREQUER, AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—A VISIT TO THE "FOUR-COURT" IN 1757.

The day after his visit to the church-yard, Carleton returned to Castle Aylmer, where Mr. Derinzy awaited him, and submitted for the judgment of his friends, the informations given on oath by Brasil, detailing at length the circumstances under which they were received. On full consideration it appeared judicious to enter as soon as possible on active measures for the recovery of Carleton's rights. His incognito could not now be much longer preserved; and if the hopes encouraged by Brasil's revelations were well-founded, it might soon be safely cast aside.

In these and such consultations Carleton felt that the part he had to play was any thing but heroic; but he entered into it with what are perhaps among the best elements of heroism, good-feeling and discretion. Placing, as he did, implicit confidence in the dispositions and the experience of his friends, he resigned himself with a grateful spirit to their will—faithfully adhering to an engagement to do nothing of himself, adverse to their injunction, and to hold himself ready for every enterprise upon which they thought it advisable to launch him. And now, for the first time in his life, Carleton entered into society as a man, and entered with that air and aspect of a hero of romance, and with those amiable and chivalrous manners and sentiments which are so commendatory to the favour of the world, and too often so dangerous to the possessor. It would not have been wonderful if Carleton, exchanging suddenly the condition of a boy, submissive to the will of others, for that of a young man, feted and admired had become entangled in some flowery snare, and had forgotten in the region of romance in which he found himself, the purpose for which he entered. But his was not an ordinary stamp of mind; and he passed uncharmed in the midst of attractions which would have made many a youth their captive. While he stood beside the last resting-place of his ancestors, and as though he felt their presence, he had registered a silent vow, that no influence should turn him aside from the prosecution of the solemn duty he had come to execute; and he kept his vow faithfully—an exalted imagination, it may be said, protecting him, "fancy free," from shafts which would have pierced through any feebler or more ignoble protection.

Acting in this high spirit, success attended many of his efforts; and when he accompanied his friend Derinzy to Dublin, with a view to obtain professional aid, he had become provided with documents and information likely to prove very serviceable to his cause. His earliest visit was to Antony (afterwards the Right Honourable Antony) Malone, confessedly the first man in his profession.

Mr. Malone was not at home, and the two friends proceeded to the Courts in search of him. The Duke of Bedford had arrived, and the town was full, the usual influx of visitors from the country pouring in to do honour to the new viceroy. Mr. Derinzy and Carleton availed themselves of the services of a heavy vehicle, which afforded them shelter at least; and if, in its transit through the crowded streets, it expedited their progress but little, it secured them against the inconvenience of sundry casual recognitions, by which their course, had they been pedestrians, would have been too often embarrassed and retarded.

"Mr. Malone," said Carleton, as they lumbered heavily through the streets, "is our first man. Pray, is he equal to the great men of his profession in England?"

"He is a great man on a smaller stage than Murray, yet I would scarcely call him inferior. Malone is a man who, whatever his merits as a lawyer—and they are very high, (and such, in our present circumstances, we should be foolish to undervalue)—has merits of another kind, such as denote admirable qualities. I remember well when he was the first man in parliament as well as at the bar—a leader dreaded by one party, zealously followed by another, respected by both; and I never saw the faintest indication of personal pride in him. I remember his success—indeed there's no great credit to be had by remembering it, for, since the termination of our contest with government, the Irish House of Commons has done nothing to efface the memory of that proud struggle—I remember his success: it cost him a title—that of prime sergent; it won him the highest honour he could obtain—it established the right of the Irish parliament to dispose of its surplus revenue: and after bearing himself in triumph with the moderation of a man greater than the occasion, he quietly withdrew from the prominence of the high station he had occupied and immersed himself in professional activities, like one who never had a wish nor an aim beyond them. I have heard distinguished men proclaim their desire to be restored to the quieter ways of life—I have read of more who have expressed a similar wish; but, with the solitary exception of Antony Malone, I have met no one man who was happy in the fruition of his wish. He would, I am confident, resume to-morrow, if there were a plain necessity for it, the post he held and the part he acted in our struggle: and I am equally confident he never casts a wistful glance back on the glories of that stirring time, or desires an occasion of renewing them. But here," said he, as the coach came to a halt, "we are arrived. Now for business."

The law courts, in the time of our story, were adjacent to Christ Church cathedral, and shared with that venerable edifice in the accommodation of a common court-yard, which, although known in almanacks and directories by a name derived from its vicinity to the church, had received conventionally, in the irreverent phraseology of the day, a much more unseemly appellation. It was called "Hell." To judge by outward appearance, one might imagine that such a name, for such a place, was given treacherously, with the evil purpose of abating the salutary horror it was calculated to awaken. One to whose mind the very lively picture of Christ Churchyard presented itself, whenever the word unmet for ears polite was pronounced in his hearing, would hardly tremble at it.

The place thus designated was partially surrounded by shops and booths, taverns and lodging-houses, all wearing, or striving to wear, an aspect of cheerfulness and invitation. Shoe-blacks and chairmen had their bulks and stations there, ready to ply their respective trades vigorously, and to speed their passengers. The spa enclosed was thronged with the idle, and the anxious, and the busy—with some at ease in their possessions, whose indolent study it was to make the time pass; and with the penniless of irregular habits, who would provide for the day's bread or the night's lodging by any casual gains of any species of employment. Errand-boys and guides lurked about, endowed, one might suppose, with a diviner's art to understand the thoughts and anticipate the wishes of visitors whose aspect and attire was redolent of expected gain. Here was a group evidently fresh from the country—wonder and delight as openly manifested in the beaming countenances of the senior members, as it was in the audible exclamations of juniors, captivated by the novelties spread out to allure them; and, hanging on as they moved in procession—now exchanging a word with the gentleman who acted as guardian, now recommending a milliner to the ladies, or explaining the construction of a toy to the young hopes of the family,—some unaccredited *valet-de-place*, equalling the best of his tribe in intelligence, although his appearance (owing to sundry gashes in his soiled habiliments, and to the absence of covering for head and feet which in respect for his employers he had left at home—a home, by the way, far less permanent than that of wild birds and beasts) was less commendatory than it might have been. Here clients, too easily distinguished by their unquiet looks and in many instances by their faded attire and countenances, passed on abstractedly, intent on their own thoughts and unobservant of every thing around; and here parading before the eyes of new-comers, through crowds whom they seemed not to notice while even the spruce and grinning waiters at the tavern doors were not unobserved by them, bucks and bloods of fierce aspect and gaudy attire strode grimly about, as if they challenged an occasion of achieving some sanguinary distinction.

As a mere picture, to one who only sought amusement, and could withhold attention from the looks of anxious or ruined suitors, the panorama was gay, and was entitled to an appellation significative of cheerfulness; but he who had knowledge of deeds that shunned the light, within the limits of this enclosure, would have thought the name bestowed on it by popular use, not altogether misapplied. Beneath the roofs of these gay houses was sped many a work of darkness. Forgers, and coiners, and fortune-tellers had their abodes in them. The arts of picking pockets and of bearing false witness were taught there with all the embellishments of which they were susceptible. Here housebreakers and highway robbers were supplied with the "properties" and engineering of their respective callings—acts of profligacy and blood were planned and perpetrated; and here the demon of gaming had his altars burning, and exacted, in uninterrupted succession, sacrifices involving, it may be, the eternal as well as temporal ruin of many victims. Yes, even in this gay and crowded resort of the most upright, practices execrable and flagitious challenged for the place the severest judgment that could be pronounced on it, and the very worst name that could be supplied from the vocabulary of ordinary life.

There was the usual bustle in the hall of the courts when Derinzy entered with his friend; Carleton was struck, as every one is for the first time, with the peculiar character of a lawyer's countenance when beheld in the arena of his public exertions. There is an alertness of physiognomy and an interest devoid of alarm in the face of a counsel, which the most inexperienced observer can distinguish from the anxious looks of a client. Indeed, were the two parties to exchange costume, the client's face would betray him in the wig and gown, and the lawyer's, though he wore a laced coat and *péruque*.

"There's many a wig and gown here," said Derinzy, "to whom I hope in due

time to introduce you. Now we must watch for Malone. There's Tisdall, solicitor-general. Do you see that short, dark man of the immovable countenance, while so many around him are giving the ready laugh, their return, no doubt, for some jest he has exploded. Tisdall never laughs at his own joke—too good a sportsman to share in what he has brought down. Indeed, the jest of an expression of Tisdall's is not always the point of it. There is matter of shrewdness or good sense for the serious in the lightest of his witticisms. He sees us."

Tisdall hastened to greet Derinzy as an old friend, and accepted his excuses good-humouredly for not having met him half-way.

"I am on the watch for Malone," said he, "with whom my young friend has business to transact. Allow me to introduce Mr. Carleton to you."

The introduction duly made, the solicitor-general said—

"You must both dine with me on Wednesday and meet Malone. You come up at a stirring time, Derinzy. Are your ladies in town or are they coming?"

"No; I came up merely on a matter of business. The truth is, our habits have become so rural, that Dublin has lost its attractions for us, and but for the facilities of obtaining leave of absence from parliamentary duties, I should think seriously of vacating my seat."

"Pray never think of such a thing," said Tisdall. "The house is very forbearing and indulgent; the galleries as yet have no voice in granting leave of absence, and the talkers on the benches think of the matter pretty much on Wheeler's principle when voting for the admission of country members into his club—they pay their subscriptions, says he, as well as any of us and don't often incommode us with their company. I suppose you have heard that Malone is likely to join the new government. The duke, I believe, has made him an offer."

"I have heard merely a vague rumour," said Derinzy. "One thing is clear that however Malone decides, his determination will be honest."

"No doubt it will—he does everything honestly; and more, he takes everything seriously, even the debates and votes in parliament; he actually gives consequence to them by showing that he thinks them of importance."

"I see," said Derinzy with a smile, "you hold your old opinions on our august senate."

"You may feel satisfied that the proceedings of late years have not made me more respectful. Our Irish parliament is England's folly—her original sin. At present it is a poor thing, not likely to do either good or harm; it may be made a power that England will have to suppress, if she can. A liberty-hall where every one must do as the master pleases, is not likely to continue long, not likely to be either a permanent or a peaceful establishment. This is what England has made of us by giving the show of independence in a parliament and the reality of subjection in our colonial government. It was an error; time will no doubt correct it; for our parts, we have no better policy than to temporize. Do you know Hutchinson?—you see him passing near Perry."

"I am but slightly acquainted with him. He seemed to make good way at the bar."

"He has made good way; he is now looking to parliamentary success and he will have it. A few members like him would make the House of Commons a formidable rival to the government. It is not so now. I assure you. The debates are of such a character that the galleries are almost empty and altogether lifeless. We have nothing to attract hearers not bound to be present."

"I had no idea," said Derinzy, "that you had such a dearth of eloquence, although I knew you had not much to boast of. Excess of the article was your affliction not very long since, and surely you have many an able man yet; Boye attends, and Colthurst, and Bowes."

"Yes, they attend, but without giving attention to the matter or manner of the debate. Bowes speaks now and then, and so does Colthurst, but they all speak as if they had no thought of what they are saying—words, words, words, without selection or order, turbulent or tame, always sure to be turbid; and when a good thought comes out, 'tis like

Birth-strangled babe

Ditch-delivered by a drab.

So best, at least I think so. Our parliament is just what it ought to be. A child's penny trumpet can do little harm; I should not like to see it changed into the instrument it might be, if oratory of commanding power blew a blast into it. As yet we are safe. Friends of government take care to leave things quiet. Opposition has little to boast of in the way of oratory; Malone might do much, but you know he is not a man who will speak to order. He must have a worthy subject to be great upon, and good care is taken that no such subject shall be given him. He has little heart for any thing doing now, and there is no other man of ability willing to waste his eloquence on such harangues. Accordingly, the debates are languid and unattractive, feeble and discordant. A few men like Hutchinson may make a change of which the consequences cannot be calculated. Eloquence in the senate will make the national feeling a passion. This will, of course, at some time come to pass; a great game will then be played—Ireland will stake the forms against the reality of independence. There may be many turns of fortune in such a game. Ah, Malone, here's our friend Derinzy; he promises to join our party on Wednesday, and is now in attendance on you."

Tisdall took his leave, and Derinzy was speedily deep in consultation with his old friend, in a chamber appropriated to his particular use, in one of the little taverns in the neighbourhood. The case of Carleton has been already in part communicated to the reader; the little which remains to be told admits of being briefly stated.

For a short time before her death, Mrs. Neville had been in correspondence with her friend and relative, Mr. Derinzy. Although resident in England for some years, she made no effort, so long as her brother lived, to acquire information respecting her son's concerns in Ireland. When at length, feeling her life draw towards a close, she was induced to make some inquiries, Mr. Derinzy was soon convinced that Garrett Neville had possessed himself, by dishonest means, of his nephew's possessions. The circumstances attending the substitution of a false heir, he felt it to be of most moment to examine, and accordingly availed himself of such agencies as he could set in motion to influence the mind and conscience of the usurper. Although not induced to make a confession, she seemed much moved and troubled. She had not believed the real heir was in existence when she lent herself to the deception against him, and was disposed to doubt the representations of Mr. Derinzy, that he still survived. What she concealed was afterwards disclosed by her husband.

According to his statement, his wife had in the town of Clonmel on the first day of the assizes, and her mind occupied with the remonstrances of Mr. Derinzy, saw a youth, who she felt strongly convinced was the real heir, Marma-

duke Neville. Full of the impression, she returned home and spoke earnestly with her husband, detailing to him the particulars of her foster-child's gallantry, and pondering with him what they should do—whether sacrifice their own comforts or wrong the dispossessed. In this state of mind the awful calamity which visited their house fell upon her, but while retaining consciousness, and even through the wildness of delirium, her cry was justice for her child.

To this cry Brasil at length yielded. His informations together with the depositions of the physicians who had attended the substituted heir, were submitted to Mr. Malone, as well as such other documents and details which had been brought together by the industry and researches of Neville and his friends, the whole wearing a face, as Mr. Malone observed, of encouraging a reasonable hope of success.

"Send these documents to me," he said, "to-morrow, and let me have your statement in writing. It is not likely that I shall be able to act for you, but I may give you some useful hints. You will take care to retain Tisdall and Fitzgibbon; no fee in this case for me."

"The report is true then," said Mr. Derinzy, "you take office under the duke."

"So they say," replied Malone—"so they say; I do not contradict them; time enough to do that when they speak untruly against me, and even then I shall possibly let the slander pass. If I have a hope of serving the country by taking office, I will not refuse to become a placeman. But it is very disheartening to know that the policy which has now become almost a principle of government, regards a fifth, or less than a fifth, of the population as 'the people' of the country, and insists on preventing the elements of this quintessential extract from ever combining into one harmonious body. Better things are promised, but the spirit of the century past has not departed, and if its champions and its priests," said he, with a heightened emphasis on the last word, "can prevail, will govern the century to come. Perhaps it is in such a time an honest man ought to commit himself with party to such an extent as not to compromise his own principles; I shall not commit myself further."

MEMOIR OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

The provinces which form the Republic of Venezuela, from the time that the adventurous spirit of the first conquerors ceased to be sustained by prospects of rapid wealth from discoveries of gold and silver, and that the pearl fisheries on their coasts, which had attracted the early settlers, had ceased to be productive, had enjoyed an almost uninterrupted peace. The scanty population had become agricultural and pastoral. To habits of enterprise had succeeded a degenerate lethargy. The fertility of the soil supplied them abundantly without an effort of activity. Old Spain, jealous of her colonies, had always interposed successfully the greatest obstacles to immigration into the Captaincy-General, and the privilege of entry was only to be purchased at a high price. The people were profoundly ignorant. The Holy Inquisition exercised so strict a censorship that the minds of the people might not be contaminated by heresy and revolutionary ideas, that the introduction of books was almost prohibited. All situations of trust under government were engrossed by Spaniards. The commerce was impeded by monopolies and vexatious restrictions, but the inhabitants, unambitious of anything beyond the rude abundance of which their soil was prodigal, slumbered on in all the bliss of ignorance and contentment.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, Spain having sunk low from her high estate, found it no longer practicable to keep her colonies hermetically sealed. In the attempt to moderate her financial derangements, the commerce of the Captaincy-General was subjected to too high a pressure, and an organised system of contraband trade with the British West India Islands was the consequence. An intercourse ensued, which gave the Spanish Americans opportunities of comparing the state of their institutions with those of their energetic neighbours, and imbibing a few notions of freedom and innovation.

The folly and weakness of the minister Godoi having precipitated Spain into a war with Great Britain, the immediate consequence was the destruction of her fleets, and the capture of Trinidad, which, being separated from Venezuela only by the placid gulf of Paria, became afterwards at once the rendezvous of conspirators, and the magazine of their arms and ammunition.

During the previous year of '96, four state prisoners, who had been arrested and found guilty of plotting an insurrection in favour of French revolutionary principles, having had their capital sentences commuted to incarceration in some unhealthy part of South America, arrived at La Guayra, and being loosely guarded, and allowed to communicate freely with the inhabitants while their final place of imprisonment was yet undecided, found numerous proselytes among the newly awakened youth, to the popular principles of the day.

Sir Thomas Picton, the first Governor of Trinidad, having received instructions to foment the desire of independence among the Spanish colonists, published his dispatches to encourage the disaffected. The Spanish Captain General offered a reward of twenty thousand dollars for the head of the British Governor, to which the latter replied by a counter offer of twenty for the Spaniard's, and an invitation to come and take his. A crude conspiracy having been the consequence of this excitement, the object of which, however, was change of government only, not separation from Spain, it was discovered, crushed without difficulty, and punished by the banishment of some of those implicated.

A succeeding governor, disapproving of his predecessor's lenity, caused several ringleaders to be executed, among whom was Espana, one of the principal conspirators, who leaving the island of Trinidad, which he had sought with his companion Gual, to enjoy the society of his wife, had been surprised in spite of every disguise, by the authorities, and captured. This attempt of a few ardent spirits, excited by foreign intrigue, met with no sympathy from the people, whose attachment to old Spain, in spite of her evil policy and vacillation, was unabated.

The revolutionary fires slumbered among their ashes, but a leader of ability was not wanting, whose long cherished hope it had been to witness in his native country the scenes among which his youth had been passed elsewhere. Miranda, a native of Caracas, had entered the military service at an early age. When Spain and France took the resolution, which afterwards recoiled upon themselves, of aiding the British North American colonies in their struggle with the mother country, Miranda, then a captain, accompanied the Spanish troops to North America, and during the stirring scenes of that war he adopted those views as to the regeneration of his own country, to which he afterwards enthusiastically adhered.

Miranda served afterwards with distinction in different parts of the world; he had travelled much. The romance of real history might sometimes emulate the pages of the Thousand and One Nights. The lively chronicler conducts the Venezuelan adventurer from his native tropics to the snows of the Russian capital, and the arms of the Empress Catherine. He, however, sub-

sequently in England in 1790, made his first proposition to the English minister of the plan which he had so long cherished, for the emancipation of his native colony. The active soldier of fortune afterwards earned a distinguished reputation in '92 and '93 in the service of the French republic, in which he obtained the rank of Lieut. General. Reverses, among which were the ill success of the blockade of Maestricht, in which the present King of the French served under his orders; the loss of the battle of Neerwinde, in which he commanded the left wing; and a suspicion of his having partaken in the treason of Dumouriez, drove him from the territory of the French republic. From '98 to 1804 he urged various plans with the English minister to effect his object, as well as with the government of the United States, but at length, tempted by the entreaties of the more sanguine of the banished party in South America, and yielding to his own impatience, he embarked on an ill-digested enterprise, having only succeeded in securing from the British a promise to prevent reinforcements being sent out by Spain, and from the United States permission to recruit adventurers.

The expedition reached the shores of Venezuela in 1806, but, finding the government prepared, were obliged to seek safety in Trinidad, with the loss of two of their schooners. The proclamations of Miranda were burned by the public executioner at Caracas; a price set upon his head: he was declared an enemy of God and the King, and his soul was treated with the least possible respect by the Holy Inquisition.

An equally unsuccessful attempt was made the same year with a force of five hundred men. Landing and taking possession of Coro, he had the mortification to find that his cause was not so popular as he had been led to expect; that he was indifferently supported by the British government; and upon intelligence that the Spanish Governor was marching against him with eight thousand men, he abandoned his ill managed scheme, and again sought refuge in Trinidad, and finally gave up the enterprise.

Venezuela remained in complete tranquillity after this failure, and the attachment of the colonies to old Spain was undoubted; but the vacillation of the government of the latter, the reverses of her arms, and the misfortunes of her royal family, soon unsettled the minds of the colonists.

Puzzled between the claims of the Commissioners of Murat, which, however, were angrily rejected by the people, still enthusiastic for the deposed monarch of the Junta of Seville, and of the Central Junta, together with the imperfect nature of the intelligence which reached him, the irresolute Governor called to his assistance a Junta of Councillors, from the multitude of whom issued no great wisdom, but a valuable precedent for those who cherished the cause of independence. The last named Central Junta having declared that the colonies were integral portions of the monarchy, and given to each a share, however theoretical, only in the general government by its deputies, was hailed with general approbation, and was a no less valuable step to the same increasing party. The new Governor, Don Vincente de Emparan, having become unpopular in his attempts to check those aspirations after self-government to which the declaration of the Central Junta had given an impetus, a large party of conspirators eagerly availed themselves of the confusion caused by the intelligence of a fresh change of affairs in Spain, and having raised an *emete* while he was endeavouring to proclaim the establishment, and assert the authority of the Council of Regency early in 1810, they deposed the governor, and forming themselves into a Supreme Junta, proceeded to exercise the functions of government in the name of King Ferdinand, regulated the disposal of the army, and sent the Marquis del Toro with a body of the latter, to overawe one of the provinces which had refused to join them.

Thus commenced the long protracted war. Bolivar, afterwards the master spirit of South American independence, was at the same time dispatched to England to solicit her intervention, while offers of commercial advantages, which the revolutionists judged from former experience would be more likely to procure their favour than any admiration of their principles, were made to the governors of the neighbouring British colonies.

Several of the provinces protested against the usurpation of the Junta: Don Fernando Miyares, Governor of one of these, was named Captain General by the Regency; and Cortabona, the Minister of the Supreme Council of Spain and the Indies, armed with ample powers, called upon the Junta to recognise and swear obedience to the Cortes assembled at the Isle of Leon, with an offer of pardon for the past. Upon their refusal Cortabona declared Venezuela in a state of blockade, and not having vessels sufficient to enforce this, issued letters of marque, a proceeding which, by converting the inhabitants of the coast into pirates, gave an early character of ferocity to the war which ensued. The first military efforts of the Junta, under the guidance of the Marquis del Toro, met with a little success, but very little honour. At this juncture Miranda, at the instigation of Bolivar, again presented himself at the ports of Venezuela. The Junta, ruling in the name of Ferdinand, hesitated to receive the avowed champion of separation and republicanism; but, yielding to the clamour of the people, he was afterwards greeted in Caracas with every mark of honour and respect, and placed at the head of the army.

The Congress assembled according to the summons, early in 1811, and the republican party having gained ground rapidly since the arrival of Miranda, published their declaration of independence. The armed opposition of the Canarians—many natives of these islands were resident in Caracas in the city of Valencia—was promptly put down, and a short interval of quiet ensued. The royalists were, in the mean time, by no means inactive in the provinces which adhered to Spain. They successfully opposed the arms of the republic in Guayana, and in Coro, Monteverde, a fortunate adventurer, had commenced his career by striking several happy blows in the cause of Spain.

The awful earthquake which desolated half the cities of Venezuela, occurred at the same juncture, and the minds of the survivors were peculiarly open to superstitious terrors. The clergy, originally foreseeing their debasement in the progress of the republican party, and already assailed by the Congress, pointed to the yet tottering ruins of Caracas, La Guayra, Merida, and Valencia, as to a manifestation of the wrath of Heaven; while Guayana, Coro, and Maracaybo, the loyal provinces, were untouched. The scared and famishing people, who had fled from the ruins of their cities into the plains and who, except from love of novelty, had never felt deeply interested in the revolution, resumed their loyalty. Deep financial distress came upon the new government. Cities and provinces began to declare against them, and Monteverde continued to gain ground.

In this dilemma the dictatorship, under the title, less startling to republican ears, of generalissimo, was offered to Miranda, who accepted the post. Either the abilities of Miranda were over-rated, or those of the more fortunate Monteverde were greater than the republican annalists allow; the acts of the former, however, unequal to his former reputation, and in the present crisis he was soon post to post; and, finally, making a capitulation which his lieutenant disgraced, he was arrested by Bolivar and others, and being

found in confinement by Monteverde, was transferred from one dungeon to another till he died in 1816; while Monteverde was rewarded for his success by being made Captain General, and the title of Pacificator was conferred upon him by the Spanish government.

All Venezuela had returned to the protection of the mother country. The dream of juntas, constitutions, and independence had vanished before the progress of the fortunate chief, like frost-work before the morning sun. A violation of the terms of capitulation which provided for their permission to depart, had placed in his hands many of the leaders of the party, most of whom were imprisoned or banished, the rest had either become emigrants or renegades. The most ardent patriots had lost all hope of their cause, and began to doubt the pleasure of dying uselessly for their country.

The Pacificator's policy, however, became eminently unpeaceful by a series of tyranny and persecution; he managed not only to drive those who had embraced the independent party to desperation, but to estrange the royalists, and make enemies of the doubtful. A few daring adventurers in Cumana, where his oppression had been most felt, were in arms early in the next year, under Morino, (a native of Trinidad,) Bermudes, and Pier, gained important successes, and having at length taken the town of Maturin, upon the Guerapiche, finally defeated the Pacificator himself, who had taken command in person.

In the meantime the Pacificator found himself threatened from the opposite extremities of his government. Among the prisoners whom his violation of the capitulation of Miranda had placed in his hands was Bolivar. The latter being a man of large fortune and accomplishments, and with numerous friends, both among the Spaniards and Venezuelans, was strongly recommended to the Pacificator's clemency; and the latter not perceiving the future liberator in the unpretending appearance and demeanour of the young Colonel, and also taking into consideration that he had borne a prominent part in the arrest of Miranda, suffered him to leave the country, though he afterwards confiscated his property.

Bolivar repaired to Carthagená at the end of 1812, where there were already assembled numerous fugitives from the same quarter.

The revolt on in New Granada had proceeded simultaneously with that of Venezuela. Latterly its provinces had divided into two republics, one of which, New Granada, was engaged in combating for her independence with the royalists of Santa Marta and Panama, who commanded the navigation of the river Magdalena. The Venezuelan refugees did good service in the armies of New Granada, and none more than Bolivar, who, equally skilled in wielding the pen, and having himself a more comprehensive view of the nature of the struggle between Spain and the South American colonies than the other chiefs, who seldom looked beyond the separate colony in which they were interested, succeeded at length in persuading the government of New Granada of the policy of combating Spain in the provinces of Venezuela, and to intrust him with a body of troops to cross the frontier.

His march was commenced with only five hundred men; but these having served for some time under his command, were in the highest discipline and devoted to his person. Having heard at Merida of numerous sanguinary executions, under the authority of the Spanish government, who persisted in treating their opponents as rebels; and attributing in a great measure the failure of Miranda to a mistaken lenity, he published his determination to make reprisals, and proclaimed a war to the knife (*guerra al muerte*). In one month he had taken Merida and Truxillo, and two provinces became reconquered to the republic of Venezuela. Here his permission from New Granada to employ her troops ceased. But Bolivar, judging the occasion to be opportune, and having now a confidence in his own abilities and resources, resolved upon disobedience at all risks. He entered the province of Varinas by a rapid march: in a series of combats beat and dispersed the royalist forces, and recruited his own; and finally, Monteverde having fled and thrown himself into Puerto Cabello, he entered Caracas victoriously and amid the acclamations of the inhabitants, who hailed him with the title of Liberator. From the same city, one year before, he had with difficulty made his escape an obscure and beaten partisan, by permission of the same Monteverde who now fled before his approach.

The re-establishment of the republic was immediately proclaimed, under the auspices of New Granada, but as the emergency required a larger authority to be in the hands of the executive, it was determined that during the continuance of the war an absolute authority should be conferred upon the military chief, and the dictatorship was accepted by Bolivar.

Morino, in the provinces of Cumana and Barcelona, had been equally successful. He successively defeated the royalists, avenging upon them the cruelties of Monteverde, till the provinces, as well as Marguerita, were entirely subdued to the republic.

The affairs of the republic appeared to prosper, but in the meantime there arose in the remoter forests and savannahs of Guayana, two sanguinary leaders, who were destined before long to change the state of affairs. Boreas and Morales, the first originally a pirate, the last a Canarian adventurer, but both latterly serving in the royalist armies, had fled from the wreck of one of the conquered garrisons and sought refuge in Guayana, which had always adhered to the cause of Spain—both crafty in council, and active in the field, they soon acquired a reputation which brought them numerous followers. The hardy Llaneros of the Orinooka, whom a traditional loyalty to the Spanish monarch first induced to follow the fortunes of these adventurers, found in their lawless ranks, where ample pillage was allowed, and few restraints of discipline exercised, a life congenial with their habits. From a few hundred of these wild horsemen, their followers arose to thousands, and the magnitude of their enterprises increased in proportion. If beaten, their active horses and knowledge of the savannahs, enabled them to disperse to meet again upon a more favourable juncture; if victors, the sack of a town or the spoils of an army rewarded them. The Llanos of Caracas, Varinas, and Apure, were before many months in the power of these enterprising chiefs, and they found themselves fully able to cope with the armies of the republic. The Liberator long maintained his ground. No sooner, however, did he destroy one army than the royalists led out another from their Llanos: the war assumed a character of un-mixed ferocity. Boreas and Morales, naturally bloodthirsty, fully acted up to the principle of giving no quarter to rebels; and Bolivar in reprisal executed eight hundred prisoners, when the royalists were advancing upon him towards Caracas. Monteverde in the meantime, who had been long closely besieged at Puerto Cabello, was deposed, and leaving the country was no more heard of.

The cause of the republic might yet have triumphed, but Morino, jealous of the Liberator's fame, and desirous of maintaining his independence in the provinces which he had conquered, gave little or tardy assistance to the general cause. Several obstinate engagements were fought between the opposite forces, whose armies frequently mustered from five to eight thousand men on either side. The republican arms were at length defeated. Bolivar and Morino embarked with the intention of saving the treasure for a future struggle.

this they failed, through the treachery and cupidity of the adventurers in command of the fleet; and, endeavouring to reland, found themselves ill-received, and with difficulty escaped.

Bermudes, the Lieutenant of Morino, made a gallant defence of the province of Cumana, but being finally detected at Maturin, which had been the scene of numerous conflicts, and where the royalist leader Boreas was slain, Morales found himself the victor, at the head of five thousand troops. The vanquished endeavoured to effect their escape by sea, but found neither refuge nor mercy. A royalist piratical squadron, which cruised along the coasts, intercepted the fugitives, whose boats they captured and sunk within sight of the inhabitants of Trinidad; and the last remnant of the republican army of the west, under Urdaneta, retreated into New Granada, and placed itself under the protection of the congress.

At the conclusion of the year 1814 the colony had been re-annexed to the crown of Spain, by the unaided exertions of the royalists. The island of Marguerita alone held out, and a few scattered bands, wandering about the savannahs, were all that remained of the republican force within the boundaries of the Captaincy General.

Ferdinand's first care upon his restoration, was for his revolted colonies. A well equipped army of fifteen thousand men, under the command of General Morillo, in sixty-five transports, escorted by the "San Pedro di Alcantara," a seventy-four, left Cadiz early in 1815, and reached the coast of Terra Firma on the 3d of April.

It might have been imagined that such a force, united with Morales' five thousand Venezuelans, would have found the task of confirming the authority of the fatherland easy, more especially as Marguerita shortly afterwards submitted, upon the arrival of an expedition in her harbours, and a promise of oblivion for the past, which at the time was rigidly kept. Nevertheless, the Spanish General found himself in a situation where unforeseen misfortunes rendered his position one of extreme difficulty. The first of these was the loss of the military chest by the foundering of "San Pedro di Alcantara," which, as no further supply of money was forwarded to him from Spain, threw him upon the provinces for the support of his army, and reduced him to the necessity of levying ruinous contributions and forced loans, upon the already exhausted country. The separation had been hitherto the work of a party, by no means a popular movement. The subsequent proceedings of government, which adopted a system of persecution and spoliation, through means of courts of sequestration, councils of war, tribunals of appeal, espionage, denunciations, arrests, and feigned conspiracies, delivered the country over to the rapacity and vindictiveness of numerous subordinates, which soon reduced the impoverished Venezuelans, even those formerly of undisputed loyalty, to look to war as their only hope of safety.

But another cause of the alienation of the royalists was the contempt with which Morillo himself and his officers treated the rough soldiers of fortune, who had upheld the cause of Spain and subdued the republic before his arrival. An ill-timed jest, that, if such were the victors, what must have been the vanquished, approved of by Morillo, and adopted throughout the Spanish army, completed the disgust of these, and combined the Americans, in heart at least, against the Spaniards.

In the meantime eight thousand men were taken by Morillo to the invasion of New Granada. He left behind him, as Lieutenant Governor, Cajoal, who was shortly replaced by Moxo, the author of all the most obnoxious measures.

The remnant of the republican force, which had taken refuge in New Granada, augmented in its retreat by numerous parties of republicans, was well received by that government. By the advice of Urdaneta, a number of his cavalry officers, among whom was Paez, were despatched into the Llanos of Cosonare, to organise a force of cavalry. This was the nucleus of what afterwards became the army of Apure. Narino the president of the seceded province of Cundinamarca, had been taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and the congress of New Granada, resolving to re-annex that province by force to its government, ordered him to perform that service.

In the meanwhile Bolivar, fleeing from the scene of his reverses, presented himself before the congress of New Granada. The abilities which he had shown in the conduct of his expedition into Venezuela, in spite of his latter disasters, together with the politic modesty with which he—a Venezuelan, and recently dictator in his own country—rendered an account of his conduct to the New Granadians, under whose auspices he had commenced his undertaking, won him their confidence and applause. His address was replied to by the compliment, that, "although the republic had been occupied by the Spaniards, yet it survived in his person." And to him was immediately entrusted the reduction of the seceded province, which he successfully executed, capturing its capital, Santa Fe de Bogota. He was then sent with Urdaneta's division to descend the Magdalena, and operate against the royalists of Santa Marta. Here he found himself much perplexed and thwarted by the jealousies of the chiefs of New Granada, who were dissatisfied at being placed under the orders of a stranger; and finding that he was thus prevented from serving the general cause with effect, he passed over to Jamaica with several other Venezuelan officers to prepare for a fresh effort. An attempt at assassination, said to have been at the instigation of Moxo, the acting Captain General of Caracas, had here well nigh deprived the cause of its leader. Bolivar occupied the same sleeping apartment with one of his officers, who had left New Granada in his company. In this there was a hammock and a bed, the first of which it was his usual practice to occupy. His companion entering one night earlier than usual, threw himself into the hammock and fell asleep. Bolivar entering afterwards, and unwilling to disturb his friend's slumber, slept upon the bed. In the night an assassin entering the chamber, and feeling his way up to the hammock, stabbed and killed the occupant. He was apprehended the next day, confessed his crime, and was executed.

The mild treatment which the island of Marguerita had experienced at its surrender, upon a change of governors gave place to a system of tyranny and cruel oppression. The island was driven to insurrection, which it maintained with such obstinacy, that after successive combats the Spanish troops were confined to their fortifications: it was a war of extermination.

The Liberator having collected a small expedition, including some of his most valued officers, embarked in seven armed schooners, commanded by Luis Brion, formerly a rich merchant and privateer, whom the fascinating manners and brilliant career of Bolivar had attracted to his fortunes, and who was ever afterwards the Admiral of the fleet. He appeared at Marguerita, where he took two small ships of war which were blockading the island, and caused the Spaniards to abandon to Arismendi, the leader of the insurrection, the castle of Santa Rosa.

The chiefs assembled in the island, to put a stop to any disputes and jealousies, publicly declared Bolivar supreme chief, and Morino his second in command; a descent was made upon the coast with some success, and several offi-

cers were landed to organize troops in Cumana. A second descent was made at Puerto Cabello, and shortly afterwards an expedition, conducted by General M'Gregor, of subsequent notoriety as the cacique of Poyais, was despatched into the interior for the purpose of collecting the wandering guerillas and scattered republican parties, availing themselves of the altered temper of the people, and inspiring confidence into the minds of their adherents. M'Gregor's march was very successful. He defeated several parties of royalists, communicated with the army of Apure, and after taking a long circuit to enable the scattered parties to unite their arms to his, he occupied Barcelona with a respectable force, and received supplies from Marguerita, and reinforcements from the neighbouring towns.

Bolivar in the meantime had landed on the coast of Cumana, to seek intelligence of and co-operate with M'Gregor. Morino and Bermudes here, from motives of jealousy, refused to acknowledge his authority, and he re-embarked and sailed for Hayti; but hearing of the arrival of M'Gregor at Barcelona, he shortly repaired thither accompanied by several officers, and took command of the army.

Two years had now elapsed since the utter defeat of the republicans by Morales. The strength of the royalists had been since augmented by a fine army from the mother country, under an experienced general. And yet at the present moment, though Morillo had completed the re-conquest of New Granada, the Liberator was about to take the field with more substantial hopes of permanent success than ever. A sketch of the situation of the parties at the end of the year 1816 will introduce another chapter.

MAKING A SHIFT.

BY JANET W. WILKINSON.

Suggested by Mr. Hood's "Song of the Shift."

You sing of making a shift,
With tired hands and eyelids red;
As sad is the lay of those who are doom'd
"To make a shift" for their bread:
Worn! worn! worn!
On the wide world cast adrift,
And shrinking alike from pity and scorn,
Doom'd to be "making a shift."

Smile! smile! smile!
When the day wakes curious eyes;
And weep! weep! weep!
When the stars are the only spies.
Oh! rather be a slave,
Where mercy, like guilt, is arraign'd,
Than, boasting freedom, live anguish'd, yet brave,
To making shifts secretly chain'd.

Shift! shift! shift!
For the pride of days gone by;
Shift! shift! shift!
For many a cherish'd tie.
Wife, and husband, and child,
Child, and husband, and wife,
'Till the brain and heartstrings alike o'erwrought
Are lull'd in the grave from strife.

Oh! world that feels for crime,
That weeps at the woe in books,
There are tales more dread, though spoken not,
In human creatures' looks.
Worn! worn! worn!
Who on the cold world cast adrift,
Like the spider, self-consuming, weave
Their shroud in making a shift.

In many weary ways,
With self-respect oft betray'd,
At expediency's cold command,
Must many a shift be made.
Feel! feel! feel!
Yet no voice of complaining lift,
And still with a maddening effort conceal
(Scorn not, ye wise, but strive to heal)
That silent making a shift.

And why do you talk of work!
Of honest straightforward toil!
For worse are the lagging, moth-like cares
Which the mind's hue texture spoil.
Better the toil-worm check
Than the fever-flush of shame,
Worse than the toillmaster's curse
The "still, small voice's" blame.

Shift! shift! shift!
The work is never done!
For is not their doom th' Ithacan wife's,
Unravelling what she spun!
And is not their guerdon the world's contempt,
Feign'd smiles and unsatisfied pride;
Their fate insecure as rudderless bark
Blown o'er the tempestuous tide?

Shift! shift! shift!
The mind is wreck'd in time;
Shift! shift! shift!
They finish too oft with crime.
Woman sour'd, care-aged man,
Once youth and maiden fair,
Their rock of virtue is fretted away
By ceaseless tears of despair.

Shift! shift! shift!
How varied the toilers seem!
Some mere sons of clay,
Some bright as the Muses' stream.
Pining like exiles here,
Mourning their own high gifts,
With hands that might strike Apollo's lyre,
Degraded by making shifts!

Oh! but to meet the gaze
Of one kindly beaming eye,
That, piercing the mask of pride,
Sees the worm that cannot die!
For only one short hour
To a warm, unchiding friend
To fling aside the paltry veil
From a heart that will not bend!

Oh! for the careless joy
Of a spirit new to woe;
One certain goal for the struggler's aims,
One wish that time's course were slow!
Might sympathy not dissolve the spell
That warps their noblest thought?
Alas! none guess how a word can bless
Save those who thus have fought!

With lips that seem mocking mirth,
With eye by suspicion lit,
Many are wasting their prime years,
Living by chances and wit;
Pray! pray! pray!
That the last shift each ever makes
May be from a world where they breath'd but care
To a haven of peace in that region fair
Where the soul from bondage breaks!

Miscellaneous Articles.

THEATRICAL QUACKERY OF MISS CHESTER.—On the quackery of her system of doing tragedy, a most whimsical and generally accredited anecdote is on record. While Miss Chester was at York, one evening, having to perform a serious scene of Lady T. wiley, in the comedy of the "Provoked Husband," she was observed, between the 4th and 5th acts, in a rather retired part behind the wings, sobbing and moaning, and beating her bosom in a most unusual manner for an actress not *en scene*. One of the actors very kindly asked her the cause of the grief so painfully expressed; she replied, not in words, but motioned him to begone, and then sighed and moaned more enthusiastically and vociferously than before. The good natured actor, alarmed at a pretty woman's grief, entreated her to retire to her dressing room, and let the other ladies assist to console her; on which she suddenly suspended her tones of grief, and snappishly exclaimed, "Go along, sir,—leave me—for I am working up my feelings for the last scene." This became a byword and a jest among the frequenters of the green-room.

RELIGIOUS TURN OF MIND OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—The town church (of Ky-ziloff), attracted us by its neat and cheerful aspect. At its entrance we found an old white headed man standing, with withered face, hollow eyes, and an almost spectral expression. He was the founder of the church. He had retired from business with half a million, had built this church, and now found his greatest pleasure in performing the sexton's duties, and guarding his own burial place; which, against the law and precedent, was allotted to him inside the church. This seemed to me a religious turn of mind, recalling the middle ages, and belonging to the East; but the Greek church affords many striking instances of it. Yet the first admiration of such apparent piety is liable to correction, by a second thought, on the numerous similar actions which have arisen out of the alarms of conscience; and Russia had had many examples of such piety. What ruler ever exceeded the enormities of Ivan the Cruel, and yet who cast himself more obediently in the dust before offended heaven? who built more churches and convents than this reproach of humanity? The religious ideas of the Greek church, which place all the value of piety in the strict fulfilment of the prescribed external ceremonies, favour such delusions. Well may the Greek worship be styled "performing service;" for it is, indeed, a real religious toil. One would think that if a law must be, "in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou gain food from heaven." The whole congregation is in perpetual motion, crossing, kneeling, prostrating themselves until their foreheads touch the floor. For these purposes the interior of the church is quite open, and unincumbered with seats. Meanwhile, the pope (a secular priest) mechanically reads a sermon, or recites the liturgy. The first view of such a service is the most favourable; for afterwards it is any thing but edifying to see how the people go through their religious exercises, as if doing a sum in addition, not only counting their kneelings and prostrations, but measuring the angles of their devout postures, and estimating the length of the crosses they make; else how could they, in the intervals of their performances of this kind, chatter carelessly with their neighbours till the paroxysm comes upon them again? The women are great proficient in the work; for they contrive to carry on the pious process of kneeling, and crossing while gratifying their love of gossip and observation at the same time.

Travels in European Russia, by Professor Balsius.

A LEGAL ANECDOTE.—The following story is current at the bar, of Mr. Scott's (Lord Eldon) first success on the circuit in a civil action. The plaintiff was a Mrs. Fernor, who sought damages against the defendant, an elderly maiden lady, named Sanstern, for an assault committed at a whist table. Mr. Scott was junior counsel for the plaintiff, and when the cause was called on, his leader was absent in the Crown Court, conducting a government prosecution. Mr. Scott requested that the cause might be postponed till his leader should be at liberty, but, the judge refusing, there was no help, and Mr. Scott addressed the jury for Mrs. Fernor, and called his witnesses. It was proved that at the whist table some angry words arose between the ladies, which at length kindled to such heat Miss Sanstern was impelled to throw her cards at the head of Mrs. Fernor, who (probably in dodging to avoid these missiles) fell or slipped from her chair to the ground. Upon this evidence, the defendant's counsel objected that the case had not been proved as alleged, for that the declaration stated the defendant to have committed the assault with her hand, whereas the evidence proved it to have been committed with the cards. Mr. Scott, however, insisted that the facts were substantially proved according to the averment in the declaration, of an assault committed with the hand, for that in the common parlance of the card table, the hand means the hand of cards; and thus, that Miss Sanstern having thrown her cards in Mrs. Fernor's face, had clearly assaulted Mrs. Fernor with her hand. The court laughed; the jury, much diverted, found the plaintiff's allegations sufficiently proved, and the young counsel had the frolic and fame of a verdict in his favour.

Life of Lord Eldon.

A BROADLY ACCOUNT OF EMPTY BOXES.—It was in the town of Dundalk, where, the father of Miss O'Neill possessed the lease of a theatre, so called by courtesy, and just before her own transplantation into the Belfast corps

dramatique, the following anecdote occurred. This theatre had been very ill attended, and in order to draw a little more cash into his impoverished treasury, he arranged with one of the Dublin actors to play for a few nights in his humble company:—but alas! the Dublin star was not a fortunate one. The play was "the Stranger" Miss O'Neill (then a mere girl), was the Mrs. Haller; the rest of the characters (with the exception of "the Star Stranger") were performed by the O'Neill family; Mr. O'Neill himself enacting the part of the distressed old peasant, Tobias. Tobias makes his appearance in the first scene of the play, but the actor was so merged in the manager, that he was thinking of Cocker, instead of Kotzebue;—counting the audience, instead of conning his part; and a strange jumble he made of it. When at his entrance, "the Stranger's" servant (Francis) addressed him, with "I'm glad to see you recovered;" his response as old Tobias, was—"Thank you, sir"—(Oh! murder what a house!)—heaven and the assistance of a kind lady have saved me—(three boys in the front row of the gallery!)—for another year or two"—Francis; How old are you? Tobias—(only seven in the pit! oh home! oh home!) Francis: Seven! Tobias: Seventy six years, sir—(wont pay for lights and fiddlers!)—Here is the hut in which I was born—(only one in the dress boxes, and that's our baker's wife!)—Here is the tree which grew with me, and I am almost ashamed to confess it—(our baker's wife never pays!) but I've a dog that I love. Francis: A dog! Tobias: Ah sir,—don't smile,—for—(by J—, there's only twelve pennies in the house altogether!) This was too much for the gravity of the actors, and away ran both the stranger and his man Francis, leaving the stage in full possession of the calculating manager, to ascertain the amount of his loss at his leisure.

Our Actresses.

PROSCRIPTION OF THE HIGHLAND GARB.—This picturesque and primitive costume may now be said to have become fashionable ever since it was worn by one of our late monarchs; it is, however, seldom worn in the Highlands, except on grand gala days. It is curious to glance back to the time when this dress and everything connected with it was interdicted by acts of parliament, under severe pains and penalties. As the act is but little known, even by many who now assume the garb, I will quote it as a curiosity. An act (20 Geo. II. c. 39) was passed 'for the more effectually disarming the Highlanders in Scotland, and for the more effectually securing the peace of the Highlanders, and for restraining the use of the Highland dress, &c. With reference to the latter, it was enacted, that 'from and after the 1st day of August 1747, any person, whether man or boy, within Scotland (excepting officers and soldiers in his majesty's service), who should, on any pretence whatsoever, wear or put on the clothes commonly called the Highland clothes, namely the plaid, philibeg, trews, shoulder belts, or any part of the Highland garb, or should use for great-coats or upper coats, tartans, or party-coloured plaid, or stuff, should be imprisoned without bail for six months, and on being convicted for a second offence, should be liable to be transported to any of his majesty's plantations abroad for seven years.' The term for discontinuing the dress was extended by a subsequent act to the 1st of August in the following year. This obnoxious act, unworthy of a free government, was repealed in 1782. The many little devices the Highlanders adopted to retain 'the Garb of Old Gaul' are calculated to excite a smile in those of the present day. Instead of the prohibited tartan kilt, some wore pieces of a blue, green, or red thin cloth, or camlet, wrapped round the waist, and hanging down to the knees like the *fealdag*. The tight breeches were particularly obnoxious. These, when on journeys, they often suspended over their shoulders upon sticks; others, either more wary or less submissive, sewed up the centre of the kilt with a few stitches between the thighs, which gave it something the form of the trousers worn by Dutch skippers. At first these evasions of the act were visited with great severity; but at length the officers of the law seem to have acquiesced in the construction put by the Highlanders upon the prohibition in the act. This appears from the trial of a man named McAlpin, from Breadalbane, who was acquitted on his proving that the kilt had been stitched up in the middle. Such were the amusing evasions of this extremely absurd act.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING FOR BEE FANCIERS.—Many owners of glass bee-hives have complained of never being able to see the bees working. Mr. Huish explains the circumstance as follows:—"The real truth is, that the bees will only work in complete darkness. The admission of light into the hive is the signal for the immediate cessation of all labour; and when the flap-door of a glass hive is opened, the bees are seen hurrying and skurrying about in a state of alarm and confusion, while the exhibitor explains to the spectator that the bees are at work. If I could be shown a bee making a cell, I would travel barefooted from Horsham to Windsor to behold the spectacle. It would at once lead to a solution of one of the most important problems in the natural history of the bee, which is the origin of wax; about which we are almost as ignorant in the nineteenth century as in the time of Virgil or Columella. The actions of the apian monarch are enshrined in an almost impenetrable mystery. It is my sincere wish, however, to disabuse the minds of all keepers of bees, that the internal economy of a hive is to be entertained by looking through a pane of glass; for so tenacious are these wonderful insects of that economy being explored by the eye of man, that, supposing the flap of the hive to be left open, the bees will immediately cover the interior side of the glass with a coating of wax, so that no eye can penetrate to their works."

CHEAP TRAVELLING IN STAGE COACHES.—The in-keepers and coach proprietors seem determined that the proprietors of railways and steam-vessels shall not have the business all to themselves; and have therefore had their ingenuity put on the rack to discover how they may retain part of the custom in their own hands, of which, till of late years, they enjoyed a complete monopoly. It is admitted that necessity is the mother of invention, and the turnpike roads in all our great thoroughfares being excellent many coaches of a new construction are getting up to rival railway trains. Although coaches drawn by horses cannot equal railway trains in speed, yet it has been proved that they can travel at the rate of seven and eight miles an hour, at very low fares. This we had lately an instance of on the road between Perth and Blair Athole. A long coach, in the omnibus shape, named "The Prince Albert," carries thirty passengers (sometimes nearly forty,) and the fare between Perth and Dunkeld, a distance of fifteen miles, is only 1s 6d. The accommodation is fully equal to most of the other coaches on the road; and we observed that a number of carriages of the same description are building at Perth, to be put on the road from that place to Edinburgh, in which there is to be accommodation for three classes of passengers, at fares which will rival those exacted by the steam-vessels between Dundee and Granton. The great length of these coaches renders them less liable to be upset, and they are not so top heavy as those of a shorter shape.

At a meeting of Portsoken Ward, on Wednesday, Mr. Wood rose to propose a candidate for the office of Alderman. "Cut it short!" shouted a voice. "I can't," replied the speaker; "I've got my speech off, and must go through with it."

Varieties.

PAYABLE AT SIGHT.—"Bob, have you seen Mr. Brown lately?"

"No, Jim, I haven't; why?"

"Why, I have a note of his, and being short of funds, should like to find him."

"The note is good is it not?"

"O yes, good as gold, I suppose; but there's a difficulty nevertheless. It reads—'At sight, I promise to pay,' &c. Now I don't say anything against the note, but blow me if I have had a sight at him since he gave it to me, and probably won't have again as long as I live."

LET THE COBBLER STICK TO HIS LAST.—An amusing instance of this acted proverb, occurs in the life of Lord Chancellor Eldon, as related by himself to his niece:—"During the period of the riots in London (June, 1780) when I was a lawyer, I had to take Bessy to the Temple for safety. I never suffered more in my life than as we went along, for we were exposed to all sorts of insults. They tore off my wife's hat, the handkerchief from her breast, and, when we arrived at the Temple, every article of her dress was torn. We youngsters at the Temple determined that we should not remain inactive during such times; so we embodied ourselves into a troop to assist the military. We armed ourselves as well as we could, and the next morning we drew up in the court, ready to follow out a troop of soldiers who were then on guard. When, however, the soldiers had passed through the gate, it was suddenly shut in our faces, and instantly locked; and the officer in command shouted from the other side, 'Gentlemen, I am much obliged to you for your intended assistance; but I do not choose to allow my soldiers to be shot, so I have ordered you to be locked in,' and away he galloped. We looked very foolish."

FILIAL LOVE.—It is mentioned by Miss Pardoe, that a "beautiful feature in the character of the Turks is reverence for the mother. Their wives may advise or reprimand unheeded, but their mother is an oracle, consulted, confided in, listened to with respect, or with deference honored, to the latest hour, and remembered with affection and regard even beyond the grave."—"Wives may die," say they, "and we can replace them, children may perish, and others may be born to us, but who shall restore the mother when she passes away, and is seen no more?"

LORD ELDON'S FIRST CLIENT.—He used to relate that he had been called to the bar but a day or two, when, on coming out of court one morning, he was accosted by a dapper looking Attorney's clerk, who handed him a motion paper in some matter of course, which merely required to be authenticated by counsel's signature. He signed the brief, and the Attorney's clerk taking it back from him said, "A fine hand yours, Mr. Scott—an exceedingly fine hand. It would be well for us, sir, if gentlemen at the bar would always take a little of your pains to insure legibility. A beautiful hand sir!" While he spoke thus the eloquent clerk was fumbling first in one pocket, then in the other, till with a hurried air he said, "A—a—, I really beg your pardon sir, but I have unfortunately left my purse on the table in the coffee-room opposite; pray do me the favor to remain here one moment." So speaking, the clerk vanished with the rapidity of lightning; and "and never," said Lord Eldon in telling the story, "did I set eyes on that man again."

Life of Lord Eldon

THE DUKE NO ANTIQUARIAN.—On the recent visit of a section of the Archaeological Association to Dover, the Duke of Wellington, as constable of Dover Castle, refused to allow the learned members admission to that ancient and interesting fortress, to make sketches or memoranda. The Duke has no sympathy with antiquarian or historical pursuits; witness his reply on being remonstrated with on the dangerous position of the National Records, placed over the ammunition in the Tower: "He would take care that the gunpowder received no injury!"

Keat Herald.

A HUNTSMAN'S ADVENTURES.—A couple of goblets, worth £50, with £25 in addition, were last week presented to "Will Long," the celebrated huntsman to the Duke of Beaufort, at a dinner at Petty France, by a number of gentlemen in the habit of joining the Badminton hounds. In returning thanks for his health having been drunk, Long said—"For 36 years I have been connected with the noble pack of hounds belonging to his Grace, and I amused myself the other day in making some calculations on the subject. The result is that, during the years mentioned, I have ridden 100,000 miles.—[Cheers]. The number of leaps and hair-breadth escapes I have had are beyond calculation.—[laughter.] I have been in at the death of 3,000 foxes. But gentlemen, this is not all. I have a favorite old horse, which you all know well—he is now 25 years of age—who has carried me 17 seasons, and over a distance of 12,000 miles and more; and though he is now, like myself, somewhat the worse for wear, he was all right last season, and those that kept his company did not lose much of the fun.—[Cheers]

British Mercury.

DOCTOR JOHNSON AND THE DEAN OF DERRY.—News, indeed, I have none, but an anecdote I have: take it. A company of beaux esprits, Garrick, Johnson, Dean of Derry, Fox, &c. &c., dined with Reynolds. Brilliant yet easy, but good-humour was curdy curdy-stick; in the midst of which, in a conversation on the subject, the Dean observed, or, if you will, asserted, that after forty-five a man did not improve. "I differ with you, sir; a man may improve; and you yourself have great room for improvement." The dean was confounded, and for the instant silent. The others forced another subject; but it went, as such subjects must, heavily. The dean recovering,—"On recollection, I see no cause to alter my opinion, except I was to call it improvement for a man to grow (which I allow he may) positive, rude, and insolent, and save arguments by brutality." The other groaned an intention to reply; but a second, and more successful effort of the company to change the discourse, succeeded. He has since confessed his bad behaviour, telling Mrs. Thrale that he did not know what ailed him.

Burke's Correspondence

DOING THE BARBER.—An Eastern shore man stepped into a barber's shop in our city, on Saturday, says the Baltimore Argus, and requested the barber to take off 12½ cents worth of his hair. The barber trimmed his locks very neatly, and then combed and brushed them in the most particular style.

"Are you done?" asked the eastern shore man, as the barber removed the napkin from his neck.

"Yes, sir," returned the man of the razor, with a bow.

"Are you certain that you took off eleven pence worth?"

"Yes, sir," returned the barber, "there's the glass—you can see for yourself."

"Well," said the Eastern shore man, "if you think you have got eleven pence worth off, I don't know as I have any use for it, and I haven't got no change; so you may just keep the hair for your trouble."

HOT WATER.—Lord A., in conversation with Sam Rogers, observed, "I never put my razor into hot water, as I find it injures the temper of the blade."

"No doubt of it," said the wit, "show me the blade that would not be out of temper if plunged into hot water."

A FAIR RETORT.—At the Chelmsford Quarter Sessions, the other day, one of the witnesses on a trial was Mr. Beadal, an auctioneer and surveyor. The examining counsel began—"I believe, Mr. Beadal you are known as the 'George Robins of Essex,' are you not?" Mr. Beadal: "Not more than yourself as the Sir William Follett of the bar." The reply produced a peal of laughter in the court.

A DELICATE PRESENT.—Prince Joinville, on the conclusion of the Morocco treaty, presented to the Moorish general a very elegant pair of pistols, as a souvenir! This is very like soundly thrashing a man, and then giving him the stick.

ERRATUM.—The Post's "special" reporter at Blair Athol, writing of Lord Glenlyon's little boy, says that, "his eyes glitter as with morning dew." This is an error of the printer. For "morning dew," it should have been "mountain dew." The whole tenor of the article shows what was in the writer's brain.

A letter from Berlin states, that the king has just created a new branch of administration, under the title of ministry of grievances, the object of which is to pay special attention to such complaints as the citizens may have to make against ecclesiastical, administrative, and judicial functionaries.

Foreign Summary.

"REPUDIATION" AT THE LONDON CLUBS.—Some of the London Clubs have adopted, it is said, at the suggestion of the Rev. Sydney Smith, the plan of rejecting, for complimentary admission or as members, the citizens of the repudiating states in America.

ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.—Six miles of atmospheric railway, from the Dartmouth Arms to Croydon, will, it is expected, be ready in May next. The engineer is Mr. Cubitt, and the object is, by a double line, to test the principle more satisfactorily than it has yet been tested on the Kingstown and Dalkey line.

THE QUEEN'S RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.—The Queen embarked at Dundee on the 30th Sept., and reached Woolwich, where she landed about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 2d instant, the royal yacht having made the trip in forty-five hours. Her Majesty's reception on landing was most enthusiastic, and the Thames presented a very gay and animated appearance in preparations to honour her return.

CAPTAIN MATHEWS, OF THE GREAT WESTERN.—Captain Mathews, of the Great Western, received a handsome complimentary letter from the passengers who came home with him the last trip. The letter expresses satisfaction with the voyage, and with the excellent accommodation of that fine ship. The passengers add, "We would also express our conviction, that your passengers will ever enjoy the same happiness in vessels that you may command, and that your skilful seamanship will inspire the same feeling of security that we have enjoyed."

GROWING COTTON IN CHESHIRE.—Mr. Maury, son of the respected gentleman who for so many years filled the office of American Consul at Liverpool has recently been making a successful experiment in the growth of cotton, at his residence, Liscard near the mouth of the Mersey, on the Cheshire side. A fine specimen of Sea Island was exhibited, a few days back, in the Exchange News-room. It consisted of two bolls, one open, exhibiting a beautiful cotton, the other closed. The cotton looked so natural, so much like a sample taken from a bag, that several gentlemen refused to believe that it belonged to the plant to which it was attached; and one of them was so pertinacious in his scepticism, that Mr. Jones, the respectable Master of the Exchange, tore open the closed boll, and exhibited, to his astonishment, similar cotton, in its natural prison. It is kept in a temperature of about 80.

DEATH OF THE MARQUESS OF DONEGAL.—The noble marquess expired on Saturday morning last, at Ormeau, near Belfast, after a protracted illness.

DEATH OF LADY HEYTESBURY.—Lady Heytesbury, the Lady of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, died on the 6th inst. The late baroness was second daughter of the late Hon. William Henry Bouverie, and grand-daughter to the Earl of Radnor; she was born in 1783.

The album which King Louis Philippe proposed to offer to Queen Victoria, in commemoration of her visit to the Chateau d'Eu, is finished, and his Majesty presents it to Queen Victoria at Windsor. It is of unusually large size, being 32 inches by 24, and proportionately thick. It contains 32 drawings by the first French artists, representing the different apartments of the Chateau d'Eu, and scenes and events connected with her British Majesty's visit. To prevent friction the drawings are let in, and, as it were, framed by thick sheets of Bristol paper. It is splendidly bound in scarlet morocco, by Guinon, bearing the arms of England within a rich border of the most delicate tooling. The case or box, in which it is enclosed, is covered with rich purple velvet, on which is also impressed the Queen's arms.

TAHITI.—The interminable squabble between the French and the natives at Tahiti, involving, as it does, the English at that island, and embroiling the government of both countries, has become still further complicated by the intelligence which has come to hand this week. It appears that the Hazard arrived off the reef at Papeeti the 7th May, when a boat was ordered on shore with four hands, Dr Veech, and Lieut. Rose in command and in charge of the despatches. This officer had landed at Papeeti, and delivered the despatches to Lieut. Hunt of the Basilisk, who had assumed the official duties of British consul, and after remaining on shore a quarter of an hour, and when about 100 yards from the pier on returning to the Hazard, cruising off and on, outside the reef, the boat was hailed from an armed barge belonging to the French frigate La Charte, and was ordered by the officer to the "Maison" (the house of the admiral,) or to the frigate, to either of which he pointed; but Lieut. Rose turned his boat round, and proceeded for the pier, in order to get an explanation from Lieut. Hunt as to what was required. On arriving alongside the wharf, Lieut. Rose said he would neither proceed to the "Maison" nor to the frigate, or anywhere else at the bidding of French authority. He was then ordered to get out of his boat into the barge, which he did, at the same moment he directed the British man-of-war ensign and pendant to be hauled down, and unbuckling his sword he delivered it to the officer; the barge then proceeded towards the French frigate La Charte, towing the gig of the Hazard. On getting alongside, Lieut. Rose was directed to go on board; his crew remaining at their boat. A long consultation ensued, and after being on board the frigate two hours and a half, the sword was delivered up to Lieut. Rose, and he was told that he might go on board his own vessel. He demanded an explanation and an

apology, but was replied to that there was "no apology." "No communication was allowed with the shore." Lieut. Rose has been despatched home by his superior to make a representation of the circumstance to the British Government, and has now arrived. Queen Pomare and her husband were on board the Basilisk. Upwards of a hundred Europeans had, it is stated, enlisted under the Tahitian banner, and amongst them some gunners' mates.

The accounts from Algiers show that the Kabyles, an active, enterprising, fanatical race, have not deserted Abd-el-Kadar, in his fallen fortunes. They are still the devoted friends of the Emir, and the uncompromising enemies of France. On the 20th ult., a party of them surprised, during the night, the French advanced block-houses in the neighbourhood of Bougie.

ADDRESS OF THE EX REGENT OF SPAIN.—Espanero has published in an address to his countrymen, dated from London, Oct. 10, in which he justifies the course he pursued during the time he was Regent, and expresses a wish, should he be permitted to return to his native country, to live in a private station. He adds, "but if the institutions recovered by the Spaniards should be endangered; the nation, to whose call I have ever responded, shall find me ready to offer my life in her support."

THE REVENUE.—The return of the Revenue for the quarter ending 10th October, has just been published, and, among matter for congratulation which it affords, is an increase in the Customs, compared with the corresponding period of 1843, on the year of £1,723,165, and the quarter of £473,347. This is the true pivot of our national prosperity, and is the more gratifying when the bold reductions are considered, which the Minister was encouraged to make when supported by so grand a reserve as the property-tax.

A trifling decrease in the Excise on the quarter is to be ascribed rather to growing habits of temperance in the lower orders than to any diminution of means. It will bear, in fact, no other construction, for activity reigns in almost all the departments of trade, and the wages of labour in the manufacturing districts have probably doubled in amount within the past year.

It is consolatory also, and another good omen, to find that in the Post-office, the great accumulation of pennies, has advanced £82,000 on the year, and no less than £40,000 on the quarter.

The property-tax, which shows an increase of £106,413 on the year, and a decrease of £89,193 on the quarter, may be said to have found its level, and to provoke no remark, except to hope, that under circumstances of such promising augury, we may soon get rid of it. In the present account is to be seen moreover, the effect of the judicious application of the surplus revenue in paying off deficiency bills; only about £2,500,000 will be wanted to meet the charge on the Consolidated Fund for the quarter just ended.

The total increase of the revenue for the year is £1,395,349, and on the quarter £520,944.

One hundred shares in the Thames Tunnel, which originally cost 5000l. or 50l. a share, were sold a few days ago for 30l. in London.

No doubt exists that the New London Royal Exchange will be opened with due pomp and ceremony by the Queen in person about the close of this month.

A monumental pillar of beautiful white marble, has just been erected in Pere la Chaise to the memory of Sir Sydney Smith, by his surviving friends resident at Paris.

On the 8th ult. Dr. Symons, who was opposed by the Puseyites, was elected Vice Chancellor of Oxford University by a majority of 882 to 183.

Letters from Naples state that they expect another eruption of Vesuvius. The crater is full of lava, and the fountains and springs no longer give their usual supply of water.

The inauguration of the statue of the Duke of Wellington at Glasgow took place on Tuesday, amidst an immense concourse of people. Sheriff Alison delivered an oration on the occasion.

It is said that Lord Francis Egerton intends to improve the Mersey and Irwell navigation, so as to admit sailing vessels of 200 tons, or iron steamers of 400, up to the town of Manchester.

Recently, at Dumfries, an abscess was removed from the neck of a boy during the mesmeric sleep. The operation, though a painful one, was borne without the patient giving the slightest evidence of sensation.

General Uminski, who took so distinguished a part in the late Polish insurrection, attempted to commit suicide last month, at Spa, where he has been residing some time in great poverty. Being arrested for a trifling debt, he opened a vein in each arm, and had almost bled to death when discovered.

Archipelago is infested with pirates to such a degree, that even King Otho's cutter yacht has been plundered, and every soul on board butchered.

A gentleman in Limerick has reared up two young otters, male and female, which run about and play with his children like dogs.

The Queen of Spain has just conferred upon Fuad Effendi, the Turkish ambassador at her court, the grand cordon of the order of Isabella the Catholic.

It is said that her majesty is about to raise the Earl Delawarr to the first rank in the peerage, by reviving, in his person, the extinct dukedom of Dorset.

Emanuel Lusada, Esq. of the Peak, Devonshire, and Benjamin Cohen, Esq. members of the Hebrew faith, have been placed upon the commission of the peace.

Louis Philippe, previous to his departure for England, granted an amnesty to nearly sixty persons, confined for political offences; among others, to the editor of the *Journal du Peuple*, who was convicted of being "morally" an accomplice in Quenisset's attempt to assassinate the king.

A few days ago, the canvassers for members of the Wakefield Mechanics' Institution called upon the only innkeeper who last year subscribed to the establishment, when he also declined to continue his subscription, giving the straight forward and, no doubt, true reason, "that mechanics' institutes took his customers away, and were therefore more injurious than beneficial to him."

The *Augsburgh Gazette* of the 28th ult. states that the report of a matrimonial union between the Grand Duchesses Olga and Prince George of Cambridge is considered as authentic, and it is regarded both as the result of the Emperor of Russia's visit to London, and as the commencement of a more intimate alliance between Russia and England. The Prince Royal of Hanover having no children, the Duke of Cambridge is presumptive heir to the Crown of Hanover.

LORD STANLEY.—We find, from the *London Gazette* of Tuesday last, that the queen has been pleased to order a writ to be passed under the great seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, for summoning the Right Hon. Edward Geoffrey Smith Stanley (commonly called Lord Stanley, (to the house of peers, by the style and title of "Baron Stanley, of Bickerstaffe, in the county palatine of Lancashire."

AN UNFORTUNATE PURCHASE.—An Antwerp Journal states, that the *British Queen* will be again put up for sale and that if there should not be a bidding to the amount of the estimate fixed by the government surveyors she will be broken up, and her materials be employed in the construction of gun-boats.

ANECDOTE OF HIS LATE MAJESTY KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH.—CLEARING FOR ACTION.—Few naval officers were more impressed than the sailor King with the necessity of giving a sound elementary education to "young gentlemen" prior to their walking the quarter-deck. His Majesty's own experience taught him that the frequent interruptions, while under the eye of a master in a cruising ship, rendered systematic instruction afloat, however ably directed, almost unattainable. The value of this remark will be plainly illustrated by the following anecdote:—On a certain occasion when a gallant flag-officer (whose name we are nappy to say is yet on the Navy List), who was a youngster with his Majesty, in 1780, was invited to the Pavilion at Brighton, he brought to his Majesty's recollection the circumstance of beating to quarters for the Spanish fleet under the command of Don Juan Langare, when his Royal Highness's table was indiscriminately thrown overboard with other articles belonging to officers, which encumbered the deck. The seamen who had emptied the drawer of its contents prudently stowed away his Royal Highness's purse, and when the action was over came aft and handed it to the officer of the watch. The King, after he had heard his gallant associate relate the above, quickly observed, "That fact has escaped my memory; but this I do recollect, that on clearing for quarters on the lower deck, and seeing chairs and tables hastily thrown overboard, we (the midshipmen) who were then engaged at the school table, eagerly seized it and launched it clean out of the gun-room port, keeping our eyes fixed on it as it danced in the wake. We saluted its disappearance with three cheers, and these cheers," said his Majesty emphatically, "I shall never forget, for they were the heartiest I ever gave in my life."

THE LATE SIR ALEXANDER BURNES.—We have just heard of an instance of gratitude and devotion so extraordinary that it deserves to be generally known. Such of our readers as have perused the interesting travels of the late lamented Sir Alexander Burnes into Bokhara will remember that he was accompanied by a native Moonshee, named Mohan Lal, whom he took into his service when a boy, and who had been bred in the English institution at Delhi. Mohan Lal was residing at Cabul, in the adjoining house to Sir Alexander, when the fearful outbreak of the 2d of November, 1841, took place; and while the bloody Afghan tragedy of that morning was perpetrating, Mohan Lal hastily opened a passage betwixt the houses—passed through—and although the house was on fire, secured many of Sir Alexander's MSS. and private papers, of which he has kept possession ever since. Having obtained leave from the governor-general of India, he has come to this country for the express purpose of delivering personally these interesting relics into the hands of Sir Alexander Burnes's father; and he is now in London, on his way to Montrose. His veneration and affection for Sir Alexander (whom he calls his father, his patron, and his benefactor) may be inferred from the long and weary pilgrimage he has undertaken to evince his gratitude. Mohan Lal is the son of Sudh Singh, a Brahmin, of Cashmere descent, of high caste, who resided at Delhi, and accompanied Mr. Elphinstone to Peshawur in 1809, in the capacity of moonshee, or Oriental interpreter, just as his son accompanied Sir Alexander on his more adventurous and successful expedition to Bokhara the dangers of which journey may now be more estimated from what has befallen Stoddart, Conolly, and Wolff, who were all, at one time or other, associated with Sir A. Burnes. Mohan Lal was a great favourite of the late Abbas Mirza, the Prince Royal of Persia, and of Sadat Mulick, the son of the last Durrane King of Afghanistan, as well as of Juber Khan of Cabul. Dost Mahomed urged him much to enter into his service; and to the friendship of the Cabul Khans generally he owes his preservation (under God) through the dreadful scenes that darken that chapter of our Indian history.

Montrose Review.

THE FRENCH AND THE ENGLISH.

From the "Desultory Man."

An Englishman is proud, a Frenchman is vain. A Frenchman says more than he thinks, an Englishman thinks more than he says. A Frenchman is an excellent acquaintance, an Englishman is a good friend. A Frenchman is enterprising, an Englishman is indefatigable. An Englishman has more judgment, a Frenchman more wit. Both are brave; but an Englishman fights coolly, a Frenchman hotly. The latter will attack anything, the former will be repulsed by nothing. An Englishman in conversation seems going a journey, and a Frenchman is taking a walk. The one plods hard on to the object in view, the other skips away from his path for the slightest thing that catches his attention. There is more advantage in conversing with the one, more pleasure with the other. An Englishman generalises, a Frenchman particularises. An Englishman when he tastes anything says that it is good, that it has an agreeable flavour; a Frenchman describes every sensation it produces in his mouth and throat, from the tip of the tongue down to the stomach, and winds it up with a simile. An Englishman remarking an opera dancer sees that she dances well, with grace, with agility; a Frenchman notes every *entrechat*, and can tell to a line where her foot ought to fall. An Englishman must have a large stock of knives and forks to change with every plate; a Frenchman uses but one for all, and it sometimes serves him for a salt-spoon too. An Englishman in his own country must have two rooms; a Frenchman can do very well with one—he dines there when he cannot go out, receives his company there, and can do everything there. A married Englishman requires but one bed, a married Frenchman must have two. In general, an Englishman is willing to submit to the power of the law, but inclined to resist military force; the contrary proposition is the case with the French.

A Frenchman is constitutionally a happier animal than an Englishman. He is born a philosopher. He enjoys to-day, he forgets the past, and lets to-morrow take care of itself. No misfortunes can affect him; he floats like a bit of cork on the top of the waves which seem destined to overwhelm him. He makes his servant his confidant, the coffee-house his library, the man next him his friend, the theatre his fire-side, and his home—but he has nothing to do with that. He is gay, witty, brave, and not unfeeling; but his character is like the sand on the sea shore, where you may write deeply, but a few waves sweep it away for ever. That perverted word "sentiment" in its true sense he knows little of. But are there many men in all the world who know much more?

The French, though they are daily improving, are still certainly a dirty people, not in their persons but in their houses and habits. In this, as in everything else, they are the most inconsistent nation in the world. In their habitations there is the strangest mixture of splendour and want of cleanliness, and in their manners an equal mingling of elegance and coarseness. One must of

ten walk up a staircase where every kind of dirt is to be found in order to arrive at a palace, and a thousand things that shock all notions of delicacy are here openly done and talked of by the most polite.

A Frenchman's politeness consists much more in small talk and petty ceremonies than in any real elegance of person or of mind. They have told the world so often that they are the most civilized nation in Europe, that the world believes it. It is true they have an immensity of the jargon of society, a quickness in catching and appreciating the tastes and ideas of others, and a great fond of good-nature; but their vanity stands much in the way of their politeness. An Englishman may perhaps over-rate both himself and his country, but he is contented with his own opinion, and cares little what others think on the subject; but a Frenchman wishes every one to acknowledge, and takes the greatest pains to prove, that France is the first country and himself the first man in the world. A Frenchman, however, has much more of the two great principles on which real politeness is founded than an Englishman. He is by nature an infinitely more good-humoured being, and he has more of that inestimable quality which he himself calls *tact*.

If the French called themselves simply the most polite nation in the world, we might be inclined to admit the claim. When they say that they are the most *civilised*, we instantly deny it. I have seen an actress, and a famous actress too, stop in the midst of one of Racine's finest speeches to spit in her pocket handkerchief, before the whole audience. I asked the gentleman next me if such were a common occurrence. He seemed surprised at the question, and said, what could she do? She must spit! Did we not spit in England? he asked. I told him not in general, and never in genteel society. He said, "Oh!" and without doubt did not believe a word I said; for let it be remarked that the French generally have no more idea of our manners and customs than if we were placed at the one pole and they at the other. A great proportion of the French people look upon us as a kind of Sandwich Islanders—imagine that we never see the sun—that our atmosphere is one constant fog—that we eat nothing but beef and potatoes—that we drink nothing but tea and porter—and that our only ripe fruit is baked apples. Let me do them justice, however: rarely or never would an Englishman have been insulted by the populace of France with those brutal appellations which the lower classes in England did not fail to bestow upon the French, when they discovered them, in the streets of London during the war. If the highest class of society in France is not so refined as the same class in England—and I do not scruple to say that it is not—there is much more urbanity, and real or acquired politeness, amongst the peasantry of the former country.

I have hitherto in general spoken of French men; what shall I say of French women? If I say but little, it is not that I think them in any degree less charming, less graceful, less fascinating than others have thought. To criticise them would be a task invidious and not for me. If they have anything about them that might as well be altered; I say heaven forbid that it should be otherwise; for as perfection is certainly not to be found amongst men, it would place too terrible a difference between the sexes if it were to be met with in woman.

VISIT OF THE KING OF THE FRENCH TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Queen of England is entertaining, as a guest, the King of the French. This visit the French Opposition Journals are converting into a national grievance. If so much political importance is attached to it, we, as Englishmen, ought to look upon it in the light of a national triumph. Yet we are content to take it for what it really is—a courteous return of the compliment paid by her Majesty to Louis Philippe last year, in accepting the hospitality of the Chateau d'Eu. Our brethren of the French press persist in seeing all sorts of plots and schemes for the degradation of France, and the aggrandisement of England in the banquets and concerts and receptions given in honour of the King. His answer to the worthy mayor and counsellors of Portsmouth will, no doubt, be construed into "another insult" to France, as the papers have already designated the resolution of the Duke of Wellington to receive the Monarch on his landing, forgetting, or possibly not knowing, that Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, it was on the part of the Duke a mere act of official duty—and official duty, even to its minutiae, the Duke of Wellington was never known to neglect. When her Majesty went to France, we never dreamed that the excursion was part of a diplomatic web of policy, the terminating knots of which were to be tied amid the uncorking of Champagne bottles in the forest fêtes of Eu.

But the French do not make so quiet and simple an estimate of the value of royal movements; the power of the crown is great, and under Louis Philippe does not seem likely to be lessened; he is besides said to be a man that acts but little from impulse, and much from calculation, so that in attributing to his journey a purpose wholly political, the French may be more readily excused than we should be, if we attached the same motive to every one of the now ordinary progresses of the Queen. But for the obstinacy and perverted ingenuity with which the organs of the Opposition persist in seeing in every little act a determination to injure and insult the French people, they are wholly unjustifiable. The wish to do so does not exist among us, and, as a consequence, our acts do not deserve so perverted an interpretation.

It is absurd to suppose that sovereigns are always statistes, that they never drop their official dignity, or relax into human beings, receiving and returning those kindly offices of courtesy and hospitality which spring from feeling, and are not dictated by policy. Is there nothing in the past history of Louis Philippe that can account, and naturally account, for a wish to visit in his old age the country that afforded him an asylum in his struggles with the destiny that surrounded his youth?

We now proceed with a copious account of the several incidents, commencing with

THE EMBARKATION AT TREPORT.

On Monday evening his Majesty and suite reached the picturesque town of Treport. As it was known that the King could not arrive before nightfall, all the houses were illuminated, while the wives and daughters of the fishermen, to a very considerable number, lined the way from the quay to the border strand, where lay the royal gig, each holding a flaming torch; the effect was most striking from its cheerful and primitive simplicity. About six o'clock, three carriages dashed down, amidst cries of "Vive le Roi," and from these descended the King, wrapped in a travelling cloak, his son the Duke of Montpensier, M. Guizot, and other distinguished personages. The King led the way to the admiral's gig, bowing with marked courtesy to his fair guard of torch-bearers. The gig dashed through a heavy swell over the bar, riding gallantly; soon afterwards the officers of the different ships went on board a tender steamer, and followed the gig at a respectful distance. The Gomer, waiting for the King, was anchored at about two miles from the shore. Immediately upon the approach of the *cavalcade*,

as it is called, a sudden illumination took place of the most striking effect; blue lights were shown from the deck and from the yards, so that the vessel seemed enveloped in a sheet of flame. Rocket after rocket was then shot up, and replied to by the Caiman and the Elau. The fleet did not weigh anchor for a full hour afterwards, when the Gomer, which lay nearest the shore, sailed past and took the lead. Her appearance was lovely; the light from the range of cabin windows was intense enough to look like an illumination, while three lights of great brilliancy were attached to the stern; she seemed a moving illuminated castle. During the King's embarkation, the marine band played away merrily; and the sound over the waters, coming with the effect of the light upon the waves, the rockets in the air, the cheering of the sailors, and the shouts of "Vive le Roi" from the shore, formed a most beautiful and effecting scene.

THE ARRIVAL AT PORTSMOUTH.

On Tuesday morning, the guns of the Queen, 110 gun-ship, at Spithead, began to boom in the distance, announcing the coming in sight of the squadron of the eagerly expected Sovereign. This occurred at a quarter to eight, and King Louis Philippe might have arrived much earlier. The wind and the weather were so fine and favourable that he neared our shores at seven o'clock, but knowing that his Royal Highness Prince Albert would not reach Portsmouth until nine or ten o'clock, the steam squadron was ordered to stand out to sea once more. The firing of the Queen brought out the three regiments of the Line and the division of the Royal Marines from their quarters, with their bands playing and colours flying, whilst the whole population thronged the beach. The general movement, combined with the display of flags streaming in every direction in the town, and covering the yachts and ships of war in the port, presented a scene of animation beyond all power of description. Every moment this scene increased in interest. The French squadron came on slowly and majestically, each ship of war saluting as it advanced, and each battery in turn taking up the salute; the climax, however, was when the armed steamers entered the harbour; then the cheers of the population on the shores, and of the sailors who manned the yards, struggled in intensity of sound with the reports of the cannon fired by the batteries, by the Excellent, and by the Victory (Nelson's renowned ship), moored within the harbour. Whilst the French steam squadron was coming to the moorings which Admiral Lasusse, its commander, had fixed upon a few days previously, the troops took up their position. They were disposed in two lines, each three deep, from the Royal Dock-yard to the railroad terminus. At the inner and outer gates of the railroad station at Gosport, and in other favourable spots along the line of the royal progress, tasteful triumphal arches of laurel and other evergreens, with complimentary mottoes, had been erected. From the moment she anchored, the Gomer, which bore his Majesty, was an object of riveted and eager attention; round her crowded every disposable boat or small craft about the port, whilst the most distant spectators examined her with their telescopes.

On the deck could be easily discovered, on one side, the French Marines in their peculiar picturesque uniforms, with their officers, and the band of the Prince de Joinville at their head; the aides-de camp of the King, Generals Athalin, de Rumigny; the Colonel Count de Chabannes; Captain Thierre attending the young Prince; the physician, Dr. Farquier; the surgeon of the King, M. Pasquier; his secretary, Baron Fain; the Commissioner-General of Havre, &c., all in splendid uniforms of bright and of different colours, were constantly seen crossing and re-crossing, ascending as descending in the execution of orders. Amidst these moving groups were conspicuous the slight and elegant figure of the admiral in command M. Lasusse; the burly giant form of Admiral Mackau, with his aides-de-camp Capt. Pelion and Page, standing behind him: nor was the more diminutive figure of the great Minister of France, M. Guizot, the least anxiously observed. The personage, who however, perhaps attracted the greatest admiration was his Royal Highness the young Duke de Montpensier, above the middle height, with a noble countenance.

By the time the Gomer had reached the Victoria-pier (a place of embarkation for the smaller steam-boats to places in the neighbourhood, and which is situated near the old Semaphore at the bottom of the High-street), the Mayor and corporation were assembled for the purpose of going on board to present their address. The pier was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and the corporate officers were in their robes, so that the place formed a pleasing object when seen from the river. Admiralty barges, with boatmen from the dock-yard, were in waiting off the pier, in which the corporation embarked to proceed to the Gomer, which stopped opposite the pier in order to allow them to go on board. About six o'clock in the morning, Mr. Louis Vandenberg, jun., the Consul at Portsmouth, went off in a steamer, accompanied by M. Le Comte D'Harcourt, Commander of the King's sailing yacht La Reine Amelia, to announce to his Majesty the fact that the address of the corporation would be presented to him on board the Gomer, and not after he had landed, as the jurisdiction of the corporation expires at the Royal Clarence-yard. His Majesty, in compliance with this suggestion, stopped before the Victoria-pier.

The corporation were shown into the saloon of the Gomer, a beautiful chamber, decorated with yellow damask, where they were most graciously received by the King. M. Guizot was there, as was also the Duke de Montpensier, Admiral Lasusse, Admiral de Mackau, and the chief members of the King's suite.

The Recorder, M. Rawlinson, then read the following address:—

"TO HIS MAJESTY LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH."

"We the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the borough of Portsmouth, the loyal and affectionate subjects of our Most Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria, desirous of expressing the sentiments by which we are actuated on the auspicious occasion of your Majesty's visit to England, and availing ourselves of the opportunity afforded to us by your Majesty's arrival within the limits of the port and borough of Portsmouth, beg leave to offer to your Majesty, with unfeigned sincerity and earnestness, the respects and congratulations of this ancient municipality."

"Regarding your Majesty's arrival as an honour conferred on our locality, we hail it the more especially as a highly important national event, from its tendency to promote those kindly feelings of mutual respect which should ever subsist between two such powerful and influential countries as France and Great Britain."

"Solicitous to welcome the illustrious guest of our beloved Queen with every demonstration becoming so great and memorable an occasion, permit us to assure your Majesty of the lively interest we take in your Majesty's health and welfare, and in the joyful celebration of your royal visit."

"We rejoice in the new era it is calculated to form in the history of the two countries, and in the hope it affords of a more enlarged and general intercourse between them, which, under the blessing of Divine Providence, shall contribute to their mutual welfare, to the preservation of the peace of Europe, and to the advantage of every part of the habitable globe."

His Majesty received the address most graciously, and immediately delivered in English the following reply:—

"Mr. Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses,—

"Gentlemen,—It affords me particular pleasure to know that her Most Gracious Majesty your Queen has permitted you to present me with an address on my arrival on your hospitable shore. I have not forgotten the many kindnesses I received from your countrymen during my residence among you many years since. During that period I was frequently pained considerably at the existence of differences and feuds between our countries. I assure you, gentlemen, I shall endeavour at all times to prevent a repetition of those feelings and conduct, believing, as I do, most sincerely, that the happiness and prosperity of a nation depend quite as much on the peace of those nations by which she is surrounded as on quiet within her own dominions. I was peculiarly gratified at being honoured with the presence of your beloved Queen in France during the last year, and it is a source of pleasure to be able to accept the kind invitation then given me to again visit those shores where I had been so generously treated many years since. I hope, under the blessings of Divine Providence, that those kindly feelings will be long cherished between our nations, and tend to promote the happiness and prosperity of mankind."

His Majesty spoke with very great impressiveness, particularly in that part of his brief address in which he inculcated the necessity and the desirableness of peace. His Majesty then conversed for some time with the Recorder and other members of the corporation. M. Guizot and other members of the suite did the same. Among the little incidents which occurred, were one or two which marked the affability of the King, and his desire to put the members of the corporation entirely at their ease. The Recorder is a very tall man, and his head now and then touched the beams under the roof of the deck. The King laughed, and, as if apologising for the want of height between decks, said, "We did not allow for your wig." Alderman Eliyett, one of those present, asked to have the honour of shaking hands with the King, on which his Majesty said, "I should like to shake hands with you all. I should like to know your names." His Majesty then asked the names of the Mayor and the Recorder, with both of whom he conversed for a short time. He shook hands with every member of the corporation, and to some of them who were slow in getting off their white gloves, he said, "Oh, never mind your gloves, gentlemen." Altogether, their reception by the King seems to have been most gratifying to the corporation. He exhibited the most marked desire to please. In the course of conversation with members of the corporation, his Majesty alluded feelingly to his former visit to Portsmouth, many years ago. He remarked that this was not the first time he had been in Portsmouth. He remembered the "Point," the "Sally-port," the the Fountain Hotel; and added, that he also remembered the Dockyard well, though it was then called the Naval College. When asked by the Recorder to favour the corporation with a copy of the reply he had made to the address, his Majesty said with much feeling, "I have no copy. My words are from my heart." He also, in the course of his conversation with the Recorder, observed, that when he was last in England he used to visit with much interest the law courts. The King remembered Southsea Castle. When his Majesty was last here, it appears, he embarked here on board the Mercury frigate, Captain Rogers, to proceed to the Mediterranean. The conversation being over, the corporation took their leave of his Majesty, and retired. They re-entered their boats, and followed in the wake of the Gomer up the barbour.

THE ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION OF LOUIS PHILIPPE AT WINDSOR.

Soon after two o'clock, on Tuesday, the guns in the park announced the King and the Prince Consort to have nearly finished their journey, the vista from the principal vestibule of Windsor Castle, up to the summit of the Long Walk, enabling the attendants within the Royal abode to apprise her Majesty of the approach of her royal guest at such a convenient time as would obviate the awkwardness of a prolonged attendance at the entrance of her castle, where the duties of hospitality, no less than the affectionate respect entertained by the Queen for Louis Philippe, prompted our beloved monarch to await and welcome the King's arrival. Her Majesty, however, was so anxious not to suffer the opportune moment for receiving her august visitor to escape, that she descended into the grand vestibule fronting George the Fourth's gate, at which the *cortège* was to enter, some minutes before the carriages drove up. This was a most interesting moment, and cannot be paralleled by any occurrence that took place on her Majesty's visit to Chateau d'Eu, where the King and Queen of the French together with their family, drove down to Treport in the ample *char-à-banc* to receive and convey the Queen and Prince to the chateau. During the short interval that elapsed, Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, and attended by the Countess of Gainsborough, the Lady in Waiting, and by Sir Robert Peel, the Earl of Liverpool, Earl Delawarr, the Hon. George Anson, and some other of the principal officers of the household, awaited the King's arrival. Her Majesty was evidently in high spirits, and conversed affably with her attendants, her countenance beaming with satisfaction and excitement at the interesting meeting which awaited her.

At a quarter past two o'clock, the escort swept rapidly round the quadrangle and formed in front, whilst the first carriage, containing the King, Prince Albert, the Duke de Montpensier, and M. Guizot, drove under the portico. At this moment Queen Victoria advanced to the threshold, and in the most cordial manner extended her arms, whilst Louis Philippe and the Prince descended from the carriage. Their Majesties embraced most affectionately at the moment of meeting, and the three principal personages advanced into the vestibule, the French monarch bestowing his cordial smiles and greetings upon Sir R. Peel, the Earl of Liverpool, the Hon. George Anson, and others of the Royal household with whom he was familiarly acquainted. The Duke de Montpensier and Admiral de Mackau escorted the Duchess of Kent, and the royal party, followed by the Ministers and suites of both the Monarchs, proceeded at once to the grand staircase.

Shortly after, the Queen and Prince Albert, the King of the French, the Duchess of Kent, and the Duke de Montpensier entered the White Room, where a *déjeuner* was served to the august circle. The other distinguished visitors and the members of the royal suite was conducted to the Oak Room and the Equerries Rooms, where a *déjeuner* was served.

Dinner was served at seven o'clock in the dining-room. The table was tastefully decorated with epergnes of silver gilt filled with artificial flowers, also with vases and other ornaments, and was lighted by gold candelabras with wax lights. George IV.'s magnificent wine-cooler was placed in the centre window of this apartment.

The company included his Majesty Louis Philippe, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, his Royal Highness the Duke de Montpensier, Lady Charlotte Dundas, Countess Wratislaw, the Count and Countess de St. Aulaire, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Liverpool, Earl

Delawarr, the Earl of Jersey, the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir Robert Peel, M. Guizot, Admiral de Mackau, Count de Jarnac, General Athalin, General Rumigni, Colonel Dumas, Count de Chabannes, M. Jarnac, Baron de Fain, M. Fauquier, M. Pasquier, an aide-de-camp to the Duke de Montpensier; Viscount Sydney, Lord in Waiting on the King; and Lord Charles Wellesley (Clerk-Marshal), Equerry in Waiting on the King.

The band of the Royal Horse Guards attended during dinner. Her Majesty's private band afterwards attended at the castle.

The wish of her Majesty, as well as that of Louis Philippe, has been to treat this visit purely as one of a private nature, and consequently the same quiet manner of receiving her guests was adopted as was observed last year. The range of rooms set apart for Louis Philippe are situated in the north wing of the castle, looking immediately upon the manœuvring ground of the Home-park, below the slopes. The suite is that which was recently occupied by his Imperial Majesty of Russia, and is only very slightly altered from the disposition which it received for the Czar's reception. The anti-room, the drawing-room, the private council-room, the library, are all fitted up alike in crimson silk, with the royal insignia embossed in the pattern. The King's bedroom is the blue and silver chamber, which was furnished under the direction of her Majesty Queen Adelaide, whose cypher is embossed or wrought on the pattern of the beautiful blue silk hangings which adorn the walls. The four corner pillars of the bed are each surmounted by a helmet, and the *fautouils* and *canapé* are in the style of furniture in vogue during the time of the Regent D'Orleans. The pictures which adorn the walls of this most unique and splendid suite are mostly masterpieces. The principal drawing-room is hung with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Rubens, of whom it is well known the superiority of the Windsor collection has enabled her Majesty to become a most competent judge and admirer. Honthorst, Kneller, Holbein, Zucharelli, and some also of the secondary painters of the Flemish school, contribute to the decoration of the remaining apartments and afford ample scope for the indulgence of that refined love of art for which Louis Philippe is so celebrated. In one of the rooms is placed the splendid vase of malachite, presented by the Emperor of Russia and which is matchless both in size and form. This beautiful work of art is flanked by two tazzas of Berlin spar, of fine proportions, presented to her Majesty by the King of Prussia.

THE ROYAL PARTY AT WINDSOR.

The King of the French, who experienced not the slightest fatigue after his long and rapid journey, rose, according to custom, at an early hour on Wednesday morning, and walked for some time on the slopes, enjoying the magnificent scenery, with which his previous residence in England has rendered him familiar. His Majesty breakfasted in his private apartment, and was visited immediately afterwards by the Queen and Prince Albert.

The King spent some time in viewing the magnificent collection of paintings with which the walls of the principal state apartments are so profusely decorated.

In the afternoon, at three o'clock, his Majesty the King of the French entered the Grand Quadrangle from the Queen's Entrance, accompanied by her Majesty and Prince Albert, and passed through George the Fourth's Gateway, on the South-terrace of the Castle. Their Majesties and his Royal Highness promenaded on the South and East Terraces, followed by a party including some of the visitors and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting of the royal suite.

The royal and august party re-entered the Castle, and afterwards quitting it by the Norman-gate, walked down to St. George's Chapel, which their Majesties and the Prince entered. The Hon and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor received the illustrious visitors, and attended them during their inspection of the different objects of interest within the sacred edifice. Louis Philippe stopped for some minutes before the choir, evidently admiring the splendid carvings, the altar-piece (which is a painting of "The Last Supper," by West) the knights' banners and stalls, and the general picturesque appearance of this portion of the sacred edifice. He proceeded under the organ-loft into the nave; and after visiting the Beaufort, Lincoln, Aldworth, Rutland, and May chapels, and the cenotaph to the memory of the late Princess Charlotte at the north-west corner of the nave, went up the north-aisle to the chapter room, which is ornamented with a full-length portrait of Edward III., the founder of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. The King is represented in his robes of state, holding a sword, on which are displayed the crowns of England and France. The two-handed sword of Edward III., which hangs on one side of his portrait, excited the especial attention and curiosity of Louis Philippe and his son, the Duke de Montpensier. This singular weapon, which is nearly seven feet in length, and of great weight, was taken down by the King's special desire, and placed in the hands of his Majesty.

After viewing St. George's Chapel, the august party entered Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel, and afterwards took their departure, attended by the Dean to the entrance.

Passing round the base of the Round Tower, his Majesty Louis Philippe, having the Queen on his arm, accompanied by Prince Albert, and followed by the Royal suites, entered the precincts of the Castle, near St. George's Gate, and walked down the Home-park to the Dairy.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Charlotte Dundas, Lady in Waiting, and Colonel Sir George Couper, Comptroller of her Royal Highness's Household, received their Majesties and his Royal Highness at the entrance to Frogmore-house.

His Majesty and the Queen and Prince Albert remained near an hour with the royal Duchess, and then left, followed by the different ladies and gentlemen of their respective suites; the illustrious party returning in pony carriages to the Castle at twenty-five minutes to five o'clock.

His Royal Highness the Duke de Montpensier returned to the Castle to dinner from town.

A grand dinner was given in the evening at seven o'clock, in St. George's Hall, in honour of her Majesty's august visitor. The magnificent service of gold plate was used on the occasion.

The long table on which the dinner was served was covered with magnificent candelabra, epergnes, vases, wine-coolers, and dishes, all of gold or silver gilt. In the centre of the table were epergnes and candelabra, placed alternately; several of the former, of a circular form, being filled with artificial flowers. A row of candelabra, with wax lights, were placed on each side, and beyond these, at both sides of the table, were numerous vases, wine-coolers, and dishes, of the most elegant forms and designs.

At each end of the hall were elevated sideboards of equal dimensions, containing a choice selection from the numerous and valuable articles of plate in the royal treasury, remarkable for their excellence of workmanship, antiquity, or historical interest.

Flaxman's celebrated "Shield of Achilles," "The Armada Urn," and some

ancient sconces were displayed on the west sideboard; and a large shield sculptured in high relief, with the representation of a battle, and the "Neptune Epergne," richly embellished with marine emblems, and surmounted with a statue of the Marine Deity, were on the east sideboard. Numerous tankards, vases, shields, and bulb cups, richly chased, were tastefully arranged on a background of crimson and were very brilliantly illuminated with candelabra and sconces of silver gilt, bearing wax lights.

THE NAUTILUS SHELL.—This exquisite work of art is believed, upon good authority, to be the work of Benvenuto Cellini. The height of the cup is twenty inches. The breadth of light on the face of the shell is admirably supported by the richness of the general details, which are themselves made more gorgeous by the contrast.

THE "PRECIOUS" PEACOCK, so much admired in her Majesty's buffets, formed, originally, the crowning embellishment, or finial, of Tippoo Saib's throne. The jewels consist of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls—the ruby pendant from the head being one of the largest and finest known. The height from the feet to the top of the tail is seventeen inches. The estimated value of the whole is £30,000.

The following had the honour of dining with the Queen:

The Count and Countess St. Aulaire, Prince Castelcicala, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Lyndhurst, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Wellington, Marquis of Exeter, Lady Charlotte Dundas, Earl of Liverpool, Earl and Countess Delawarr and Lady Mary West, Earl of Jersey, Earl of Aberdeen, Earl Jermyn, Lord and Lady Wharcliffe, Viscount and Viscountess Canning, Sir Robert and Lady Peel, Sir James and Lady Graham, Sir George Murray, Sir W. Freemantle and Miss Hervey, Sir Henry Wheatley, Sir George Couper, Lady Isabella Wemyss, Sir Charles Rowley, the Provost of Eton and the Hon. Mrs. Hodgson, the Hon. and Rev. R. Stopford, Mr. George E. Anson, Hon. Miss Lytton, Monsieur Guizot, Admiral de Mackau, Count de Jarnac, General Athalin, General Rumigny Col. Dumas, Count de Chabannes, M. Thierry, Baron de Fain, M. Farquier, M. Pasquier, M. Herbet, M. Hennequin, Le Capitaine Page, Le Capitaine Pellion, Viscount Sydney, Lord C. Wellesley, and the Hon. Captain Duncombe.

The band of the Scots Fusilier Guards was stationed in a gallery at the west end of the hall during dinner, and performed several pieces.

After dinner her Majesty's private band, with numerous additions of the most eminent performers, attended, under the direction of Mr. Anderson.

ADDRESS TO LOUIS PHILIPPE.

The Town Council of Windsor have agreed to the following address to Louis Philippe.

"To his Majesty, Louis Philippe, King of the French.

"The humble address of the mayor, aldermen, and bourgeois of the borough of New Windsor, in the county of Berks, in council assembled.

"May it please your Majesty,

"We, her Britannic Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the mayor, aldermen, and bourgeois of the ancient borough of New Windsor, most respectfully beg leave to tender your Majesty the expression of our sincere and hearty congratulations on the safe arrival of your Majesty on the shores of England, on your visit to our gracious Monarch at the long favoured seat of the sovereigns of this country.

"The presence of your Majesty at the Castle of Windsor must at any time have formed a subject of lively congratulation, as tending more firmly to cement in the bonds of friendship the justly popular monarchs of two of the most powerful nations on the face of the globe. But we have now so recently witnessed the splendid and hospitable reception awarded to the Queen of England by your Majesty and all the members of your illustrious family, and the joyous enthusiasm which pervaded the entire French people on the occasion of her Majesty's visit at your palace on the shores of Normandy, that we are especially delighted your Majesty should now be inclined to experience amongst the renewal of that cordial and affectionate welcome, the echoes of those reverent greetings, and the universal expression of loyal devotion and attachment with which her Majesty was invariably cheered during her sojourn at the Chateau, and in the beautiful environs of Eu.

"We are sensible, Sir, that to the wisdom and vigour of your Majesty's councils, and to your increasing endeavours to promote the truest interests of the powerful and generous nation which Providence has committed to your care, may be greatly attributed the reigning tranquillity of Europe; and we venture to augur, that by encouraging a friendly and personal intercourse between your Majesty and the Sovereign of Great Britain, your Majesty adopts the surest means, not only of strengthening the happy and stable alliance between the two countries, but of encouraging the governments of surrounding kingdoms in the maintenance of their present amicable relations with each other.

"May your Majesty be long spared, in unison with our gracious Sovereign, to cultivate the arts of peace. May your Majesty's constant and zealous exertions to advance the general welfare of mankind be crowned by the dutiful and loyal attachment of all classes of the gallant and enlightened people whose destinies are placed under the wise and parental government of your Majesty. And may the two mighty empires of Great Britain and France be so indissolubly connected by the relations of amity and concord, as to ensure and perpetuate to both, and the world at large, the blessings of uninterrupted peace and repose."

"The *char-à-banc*, the magnificent gift presented to her Majesty by the King of the French, was used, for the first time since its arrival at Windsor from Paris, this morning.

Arrangements having been made on Wednesday evening for his Majesty, accompanied by the Queen, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, &c., to proceed to Twickenham, Hampton Court, Bushy and Claremont, this morning, in the *char-à-banc*, this splendid equipage, with four horses, arrived in the quadrangle from the Royal Mews shortly after nine o'clock.

Lord Charles Wellesley and Colonel Bouverie were in attendance on horseback.

The royal party proceeded to Sunbury Common, where relays of horses had been sent, and thence to Twickenham, Hampton, &c., on to Claremont to luncheon, which had been early this morning despatched from the castle.

Her Majesty and illustrious guests returned to the castle from Claremont through Chertsey, to which place relays of horses had also been sent. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent alighted at Frogmore House, on the return of the royal party passing by the mansion to the palace.

An immense concourse of persons, on foot and in carriages, were assembled along the Frogmore-road for nearly a mile, and also opposite to the Lodges at the entrance to the Long-walk, this evening, awaiting the return of her Majesty.

Upon the approach of the royal carriage the illustrious party were received

with enthusiastic cheering, which continued throughout the whole line up to the gates leading to the castle. The King of the French (who looked remarkably well), and her Majesty returned those loyal and affectionate greetings in the most marked and urbane manner. The King appeared warmly to appreciate the gratifying cheers which saluted him on every side.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Louis Philippe is the son of the too famous Duke of Orleans, who lent the aid of his fortune, which was immense, and his talents, of which the same could not be said, to the revolutionary party of France in all the agitations that preceded the total destruction of the monarchy. To fall in with the levelling temper of the times, he first threw off his rank, and styled himself simply Citizen Egalité; with at least equal readiness he threw off that which is better and higher than rank and title; he must have divested himself of feeling and affection ere he could have voted for the death of Louis XVI. When the revolution was degenerating into anarchy, and, like Saturn, was devouring his own children, his extreme opinions did not save him from the penalty attached to the crime of being wealthy and nobly born, and he fell beneath the guillotine the least pitied perhaps of all the victims of that horrible epoch. His son was born in 1773, and the worst of all these scenes were acted during the first twenty years of his life. We pass over his education by Madame de Genlis—preferred by his father on account of her talent, to a tutor—and take him up at that part of his history when he was earning a name among men as an officer in the army of the Republic, which was engaged on the frontiers against the invading force of Austria. He served his first campaign, in 1792, under Dumouriez; he had for a short time been attached to the force under the command of General Kellermann, and was present with his younger brother, the Duke de Montpensier, at the battle of Valmy. But it was at the battle of Gemappes, under Dumouriez, that he first distinguished himself. The action was fought on the 6th of November, 1792, and to the young Duke de Chartres, the title of the eldest sons of the House of Orleans, was entrusted the command of the right wing of the French army. The attack on the strong position occupied by the Austrian centre was at first successful, but the advancing force was afterwards checked, and the check became a repulse; it was in the rallying his broken troops, forming the several battalions into one large one, inspiring the mass with confidence, and leading them on to a complete victory, that Louis Philippe displayed the bravery, cool presence of mind, and power of combination which are the first qualities of a commander. He again signalled himself at Anderlacht, on the 14th of November; at Tirlemont, on the 19th; and on the 27th, at Varoux. But his connection with the French Republic was not destined to be a long one; the battle of Nerwinde, fought in March, 1793, was unfavourable to the French army; the formidable Committee of Public Safety had grown powerful, cruel, and suspicious, and punished with death those generals who chanced to be unsuccessful. Thirteen days after the battle, Dumouriez and the Duke de Chartres both received orders to repair to Paris and account for their defeat. The mandate was equivalent to a sentence of death, and to avoid it, there was no expedient but flight. The general and the prince therefore mounted their horses and set off for the frontiers. The evasion was suspected—for, like all the generals of the Republic, Dumouriez was surrounded with spies—they were pursued and all but overtaken, and a volley of balls sent after them by the men they had so recently commanded was the parting salute which the French army gave its officers. It passed them by more harmless in its effect than its intention, and the fugitives proceeded directly to Mons, the head quarters of the Austrian army. Here Louis Philippe was pressed to accept a commission in the Austrian service, but, with a very proper spirit, he refused, in any capacity, to bear arms against his country. From henceforth his life, for many years, was that of a poor exile. He went to Switzerland, and, under the assumed name of Chabaud, obtained, after a strict examination of the ability, the appointment of mathematical teacher in the College of Reichenau. He had been here for eight months, when the news of his father's dreadful fate compelled him to seek change of scene. He went to Hamburg, and from thence travelled on foot, with nothing but a knapsack and a staff, through great part of the north of Europe—visiting Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and the North Cape—and, during his pilgrimage, meditating, probably, the fallen fortune of his house, but scarcely dreaming of its future elevation. It was in consequence of a negotiation opened with him by the French Directory, that he embarked for the United States. He again returned to Europe, and fixed his residence in England, with his two brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and Count Beaujolais. They were reconciled to Louis XVIII., and the elder branch of the family, from whom they had been estranged; were received at Court, and lived in good society, quietly, and without ostentation. Thus, years passed away, till the death of his two brothers induced Louis Philippe to leave England for awhile. He proceeded to Sicily, and there met the Princess Amelia, daughter of the King of Naples, whom he married in 1809; and the union being one into which considerations of state and ambition did not enter, it has proved a happy one. He resided at Palermo, with his bride, till the fall of Napoleon, when he returned to Paris, watching, but not joining in, the policy of the Government. When the return of Napoleon from Elba drove Louis XVIII. from his throne, the Duke of Orleans did all in his power to keep the soldiers of the Army of the North faithful to the King, but could not succeed against the enthusiasm awakened by the very name of the Emperor. He therefore left France, and returned to his former residence, at Twickenham. Shortly came the battle of Waterloo, and the restoration of the Bourbons. The Duke of Orleans returned to France, but only to be coldly received at Court; the King mistrusted him; but the species of persecution to which he was subjected by the Monarch increased his popularity with the people. Louis died, and the fatal policy pursued by Charles X. filled up the measure of popular indignation. The Revolution of July, 1830, burst like a thunderbolt on Europe; and in the dissolution of the Government that followed, the Duke of Orleans was nominated "Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom," a dignity which he soon converted into that of "King of the French," with more power, and more ability to use it, than any King of the Bourbon race has possessed since the days of Louis XIV.

And this Monarch, after so many changes, is again in England, not as an exiled man, but as a crowned head, the guest of royalty, received with all the pomp, pride, and circumstance that attend on kingly state. May he not wish, on the verge of life, to see once more the land that must be to him linked with so many recollections! We cannot see anything in the visit that is not graceful and natural. The supposition that Louis Philippe would engage in a deliberate conspiracy against the honour and interests of his country is too absurd to obtain credit from any one but the conductors of the French Opposition press, for whom nothing seems too absurd when England or English are in question.

UNPLEASANT AFFAIR AT GIBRALTAR, Oct 2—A circumstance occurred yesterday, shortly after the departure of the *Great Liverpool*, which has caused no little sensation in this place, and will doubtless induce severe comment, if not disagreeable consequences, on the part of the Spanish authorities. A Spanish war schooner, in close chase of a coasting vessel (whether or not engaged in the contraband trade is unknown), passed Europe Point yesterday afternoon, about three o'clock; when, having failed to show her colours, as is always customary, as well as imperative, in such cases, a shot was fired over her from the signal battery, to remind those on board of the neglected observance. This failing to produce the desired effect, a second gun was fired with more direct aim; but as the Spanish vessel found herself considerably out of range of the shot, she continued her course, disregarding both intimations, and (it is currently reported) still refusing to show her colours. A gun of much greater calibre was then brought to bear on her from the battery, when so correct was its direction, that the shot told with fatal effect, and she sunk shortly afterwards whilst vainly endeavouring to make for Algeiras. Very fortunately, a Portuguese vessel was not far distant, and with its timely aid, as well as some of the boats of the war vessels in the bay, the crew was saved.

Morning Herald.

WAR-OFFICE, Oct. 4, 1844.—4th Drag. Gds: Capt. E. O. Wrench from h.-p. 9th Lt. Drag. to be Capt. v. Elliott, dec; Lt. G. Rochfort to be Capt. by pur. v. Wrench, who ret; Cor. R. Souter to be Lt. by pur. v. Rochfort; Ens. M. McCreagh, from 49th Ft. to be Cor. by pur. v. Souter.—17th Ft: Ens. H. P. Onslow, from 38th Ft. to be Ens. without pur. v. Belton, whose app. has been can.—31st: Lt. F. Spence to be Capt. without pur. v. Bt-Mjr Urmoston, dec; Ens. J. S. Gould to be Lt. v. Spence; Ens. C. T. Cormick to be Lt. without pur. v. Gould, whose prom. has been can.; E. W. Kingsley, Gent. to be Ens. v. Cormick.—38th: C. Clerke, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Onslow, app. to 17th Ft.—43d: Maj-Gen. the Hon Sir H. R. Pakenham, K. C. B. to be Col. v. Lt-Gen. Lord Keane, G. C. B. dec.—49th: C. G. Richardson, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. McCreagh, app. to 4th Drag. Gds. 57th: Ens. J. H. Chads to be Lt. without pur. v. Morphet, app. to 53d Ft; Ens. R. T. S. Boughton to be Lt. without pur. v. Pitt app. to 80th Ft; J. Hassard, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Chads; Ens. E. J. B. Brown, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Boughton. 65th Ft: Capt. C. E. Gold to be Maj. by pur. v. Smyth, who rets.; Lt. R. Newenham to be Captain by pur. v. Gold; Ens. H. Scott to be Lt. by pur. v. Newenham; S. Blake, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Scott. 70th Ft: Lt. T. F. H. Alms to be Adj. v. Evatt who resigns the Adjty. only. 77th Ft: Ens. G. L. Rathborne to be Lt. by pur. v. Morris who rets.; G. R. Becher, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Rathborne. 85th Foot: Lt. W. Todd to be Capt. without pur. v. O'Reilly, dec.; Ens. W. Ogilvy to be Lt. v. Todd; R. P. Floyd, Gent. to be Ens. v. Ogilvy.

Brevet: Capt. E. O. Wrench, 4th Drag. Gds. to be Maj. in the army; Brevet Maj. E. O. Wrench, 4th Drag. Gds. to be Lt. Col. in the army.

WAR-OFFICE, Oct. 8—Capt. the Hon. H. Crichton to be Mjr. by pur. v. Wollaston, who ret.; Lt. H. J. Denny to be Capt., by pur. v. Crichton; Cor. W. M. Powell to be Lt., by pur. v. Denny. 13th Lt. Drag.—F. W. Hervey, Gent. to be Cor. by pur. v. Whitehead, prom. in the 7th Ft. 3d Regt. of Ft.—Ens. W. Howard, from 43d Ft. to be Lt., by pur. v. Handfield, who ret. 7th—Lt. A. Fraser to be Capt., by par. v. Talbot, who ret.; Cor. F. J. G. Whitehead, from 13th Lt. Drags., to be Lt., by pur. v. Fraser. 30th—F. A. Edwards, Gent. to be Ens., by pur. v. Molyneux, app. to 43 Ft. 31st—Mjr. J. Byrne to be Lt.-Col., by pur. v. Van Courtlandt, who ret.; Bvt-Mjr G. Baldwin to be Mj., by pur. v. Byrne; Lt. R. J. Eager to be Capt., by pur. v. Baldwin; Ens. J. Brencley to be Lt., by pur. v. Eager; H. C. Smith, Gent. to be Ens., by pur. v. Brencley. 34th—Lt. T. Bourke to be Adj., v. Talbot, prom. 43d—Ens. C. B. Molyneux, from 30th Ft., to be Ens., v. Howard, prom. in 3d Ft. 63d—Lt. J. Thorpe to be Paym v. R. Lane, who rets. upon h.-p. 72d—Ens. A. D. Thellusson to be Lt. by pur. v. Corbett, who rets.; W. H. D. Fitzgerald, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Thellusson. 75th—Lt. E. Ricard to be Capt. by pur. v. Simeon, who rets.; Ens. C. Machen to be Lt. by pur. v. Ricard; V. J. Watson, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Machen. Commissariat—Dep-Asst-Com-Gen. T. Graham to be Asst-Com-Gen: Com-Clerk H. A. Oriol to be Dep-Asst-Com-Gen.

Erratum in the Gazette of 14th June and 23d July, 1844. 3d W. I. Regt. —For Ens. A. M'Taggart to be Lt. v. Glen, pro. dated 5th June, read Ens. A. M'Taggart to be Lt. v. Reynolds, dec. dated 18th May; for Ens. F. J. Cox to be Lt. v. Reynolds, dec. dated 18th May, read Ens. F. J. Cox to be Lt. v. Glen, pro. dated 5th June.

Noah's Lecture on the Restoration of the Jews, delivered at the Tabernacle on Monday evening, drew together quite an audience for a stormy night. A lecture by an educated Jew, familiar with christians and christian institutions, —a lecture delivered before a promiscuous assembly of Jews and christians, —was quite a novelty and calculated to excite curiosity. A vindication of christianity or an admission of its opinions, was not to be expected; but we think the christian portion of the audience must have been satisfied to quite as great an extent as they expected to be.

Major Noah ran over the history of the Hebrew nation, and described their condition at the time of Christ's appearance. He made no intimation that Jesus of Nazareth was an impostor, but seemed to adopt the history of the Evangelists, and give an interpretation to the declarations of Jesus concerning himself, similar to that given by Unitarians. He said that Jesus preached with an eloquence so remarkable, and inveighed against the abuses of the Jewish ecclesiastics with so much boldness and force, that they were alarmed, and under that feeling, mingled with political considerations, condemned him to death.

The whole proceeding, Mr. Noah said, he believed was carried through in mistake. The seventy of the Sanhedrim did not act, he thought, from hatred to the character and mission of Christ, as is generally supposed by christians. It was not, therefore, for the tremendous sin of crucifying the Son of God with a Christian apprehension of his character, Mr. Noah said, that the Jews were now, and had been for eighteen hundred years, suffering all the sorrows of their dispersion. The present condition of the Jews was vividly described, and some things were stated greatly to their credit; and among the rest this most honourable fact, that in all the haunts of infamy in our city, not a Jewess is to be found. Mr. Noah believed that the present feeling and position of the Jews was favourable to a return to the land of their fathers. He believed that before the great millennial blessings were to be enjoyed by Jews and Gentiles, this return must be accomplished, and that the Jews must return as Jews, and not as Christians. If such enactments were to be obtained from the powers having jurisdiction of the country, as that the Jews would be secure in the pos-

session of land, he thought they would rapidly make purchases and settlements. What he desired was, that our own free government should lead the way in obtaining for the Jews this favor; and he recommended that those Societies who desire to benefit the Jews, should turn their attention and their efforts to the accomplishment of this important result.

Journal of Commerce.

PROCLAMATION.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New York, Oct. 31, 1844.

Whereas, It has been suggested to me that excitement exists in the community on the subject of politics, which may result in the commission of disorderly and riotous acts by those who are not sufficiently heedful of the laws, and mindful of the obligations of good citizens, at the ensuing election on the 5th of November next; and being fully determined that every demonstration to this effect shall be arrested in its incipency, and the originators and perpetrators of every act tending to riot and disorder brought to condign punishment: and being desirous that all should have due notice of my intended action to this effect, that they may govern their conduct accordingly:—

Notice is hereby given, to whom it may concern, that I have thought proper to take measures for the organization of a force fully adequate to preserve the peace of the city at the ensuing election, and so arranged as to be easily brought to bear upon any and all required points; and that I shall give such instructions as will secure the prompt arrest of every offender against quiet and good order, the immediate quelling of every thing tending to riot or disturbance and such as will secure to every elector the privilege and right of quietly depositing his vote as his conscience may dictate, without let, molestation, or jeopardy; and I hereby call upon all good citizens to give their countenance, and if necessary, their aid, as they are legally bound to do, on that day, in preserving the laws, and maintaining good order and quiet throughout the city.

I fervently trust that no occasion will offer for bringing into requisition the force employed, and I shall feel but too happy if the result prove that my fears are groundless, and my preparations unnecessary, and that the City of New York has passed through one of the greatest and most exciting elections undisturbed by any riot or disorder whatever.

The following is a copy of a Resolution, passed by the Common Council of this City, on the 28th inst., and the reward therein mentioned, is hereby offered, pursuant to its purport:—

Resolved, That His Honor the Mayor, be requested to offer a reward of One Hundred Dollars, (to be paid upon the conviction of the offender,) for the detection of any person voting or attempting to vote illegally, at the approaching election, on the 5th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Mayoralty of said city, the day and year first above written.

JAMES HARPER, Mayor.

DIED.—Of Consumption, on Monday, Oct. 23, at his residence, Hatfield Place, New Jersey, Henry Dennie, aged 37 years and 11 months, formerly of Doncaster, England.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 10 a 10 1-4 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1844.

The steam ship *Great Western*, commanded by Captain B. H. Matthews, whose arrival at this port is calculated upon with the accuracy and certainty of a rail road train, duly arrived on Saturday evening the 26th ult., bringing English files to the 12th ult. The *Great Western* brought out the immense number of 139 passengers, who, as soon as they made the Hook, unanimously presented a written testimonial to Capt. Matthews, of their satisfaction with the polite treatment received at his hands, and of their admiration of his skill and judgment as a commander.

The Cotton market was looking up a little, but hardly so much as to justify a higher quotation in the price; the manufacturers and labourers were generally in full work, the rates of wages were fair, and so far all was well.

Her Majesty had returned from the Scottish visit, and had in turn become the illustrious hostess; the King of the French having arrived soon after the Queen's return to Windsor, at the castle of which the royal visitor was enjoying the hospitalities and festivities at our latest dates. In another part of our paper we have given ample details of this visit of the King of the French to Queen Victoria, in which it will be found how easy a thing it is, where there is a truly royal disposition, to lay aside its trappings and its etiquette without any abridgement or loss of the respect and dignity to which Royalty is entitled.

In Ireland unfortunately there is the prospect of some interruption to the intended measures for its tranquillity. Lord Heytesbury, the new Viceroy, whose policy was understood to be of a mild and conciliatory character, has had the misfortune to lose his lady, and some of the journals intimate that his lordship is so much afflicted that he will probably solicit his recall, and retire altogether from public life. This will throw matters into some confusion, for O'Connell will be likely enough to make Repeal bluster a little, whilst matters continue unsettled as to the authorities at the Castle.

The new Peer has been gazetted—he does not change his title, but will take his place in the Upper House as a Baron of the United Kingdom, and the title will again merge into the higher one of Earl of Derby in the next succession of the family. Thus we see that the creation is for a special purpose, but whether it is to operate as a spur or a curb has yet to be discovered by the world.

The vexatious affair of Tahiti is still unsettled, and every fresh arrival in England brings fresh accounts of outrage and abuse of power there. Yet there is not any element of discord between England and France in all this; so far as the two governments could arrange for the restoration of tranquillity they have done so, but the distance to Tahiti is nearly half the circumference of the earth, and besides the length of time that must elapse in communicating with those distant islands, there is the chance of miscarriage; and indeed there is a report or an apprehension that the vessel taking out Admiral Hamelin has been wrecked. There may be a few more excesses to be atoned for, redresses to be given, and explanations to be made, but the Tahiti disturbance is now virtually at an end.

Sir Henry Pottinger has arrived in England; the services of that distinguished officer entitle him to the Peerage and adequate reward; these he will doubtless obtain as early as possible.

Sir Henry Hardinge is now in the full exercise of the Vice Regal authority, and his warlike predecessor has taken his leave of the Army, the separation from whom, as he told them, was his only cause of regret.

It is satisfactory to perceive that the disputes on the subject of National education, which took place in the House of Commons, have resulted, as we ever thought they eventually would, in a liberal policy on that score. Lord Wharncliffe now comes forward, announces himself as the "Minister of that department" in the government, and declares his purpose of endeavouring to make the blessings of general education available to all denominations in religion. It is very true that his Lordship was formerly of a different way of thinking, and was among the foremost among those who would narrow the application of educational assistance to the children of those who were of the Established Church; but deliberate thought within a strong mind has enlarged Lord Wharncliffe's views on this matter, and, therefore, instead of casting reflection upon what were his opinions, he deserves the praise and thanks of the community for doing that which few men have the moral courage to do—for acknowledging past error, and declaring a future more liberal purpose.

It cannot be denied that if it be necessary for every subject to obey the laws, respect the constituted authorities, and uphold moral conduct, it is equally necessary that they should be able to learn the laws, to know what is meant by constituted authorities, and to distinguish and venerate morality and good conduct. That is, as education is necessary, and all denominations contribute to the fund which pays instructors, all should have opportunities to the extent of circumstance within their power to avail themselves. The moral code is of common acknowledgment, and it is this code which is most powerfully in operation in general intercourse, why should its inculcation then be denied to any on account of differences more or less in religious dogmata? This will not in any degree prevent the progress of religious instruction according to the conscientious belief of parents, provided the pastors in the several persuasions will be as zealous in their duty herein, as they have all shewed themselves in laying claim to their share of the appropriations, or in the assertion of some to exclusive privileges.

One very interesting and important point in Lord Wharncliffe's speech on the occasion of its delivery was that respecting the condition and standing of schoolmasters. He insisted on the necessity of their being placed in circumstances of comfort and respectability that would cause them to be held in due reverence by the pupils, and suggests among other things that each should have a neat place of residence allotted to him. There is more in such a suggestion than at first sight meets the eye: such a proceeding goes far to fix the position of the schoolmaster in society, and, as we are more governed by externals than the greater part of us choose to confess, we, by rendering him the distinction due to the important duties he has to perform, do thereby fix upon the minds of the young those sentiments of regard for the teacher without which it is almost impossible to expect either benefit or edification from his exertions.

The knowledge, by the public generally, that there is now a distinct department of Education in the State, with an efficient minister at the head of it, will doubtless give an immense impetus to that highly important cause; one of the first fruits of which we trust will be a greatly enlarged appropriation for the purpose of extending its benefits to the lowest grades of society of every religious denomination.

In running up the state of elections in Canada, to our latest dates, those of the 25th and 26th ult., we find the returns to be 45 members, of whom 19 are considered to be Conservative, and 26 of the Opposition. There are still about 40 not yet reported, and of these it is thought the greater portion will be Conservative.

PROPOSED VAUDEVILLE THEATRE AT MONTREAL.—We have just learned that a Vaudeville Theatre, to be called the MONTREAL OLYMPIC, is about to be opened immediately in that city, under the management of Mrs. George Jones, and to be under the auspices and patronage of His Excellency the Governor General, and the civil and military authorities of Montreal. We have watched the growing talent of Mrs. G. Jones, from the moment of her first appearance on the stage to the present time, with great satisfaction, and have no doubt that both her personal services in the drama and her management of the theatre will be productive of satisfaction in Montreal. That city being now the seat of the Provincial Government ought to have entertainments of a high order of excellence, and we understand that the utmost pains will be taken to engage artists of good quality in their several rôles. Mr. Povey of the Park Theatre, is the appointed agent here, and there are few men who better understand the qualities of actors than he; with such assistance and support the "Montreal Olympic" must succeed; the scope of the performances being Comedies, Vaudevilles, and such other entertainments as those "which rendered Madame Vestris's" theatre so fashionable and popular.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The engagements of Messrs. Maywood and Hackett have been proceeding during the current week, and we regret to say in neither case so successfully as the merits of those actors deserve. Mr. Hackett proceeds to Europe. Mr. Maywood, we perceive, has accepted a re-engagement, and will terminate next Friday. Mr. Placide also is repeating his engagement.

This establishment is about to sustain a loss which the American Continent cannot make up for. Mrs. Vernon, by far the best actress that we have ever known as a Stock Actress is about to retire from this section of the country on

account of the delicate state of her health, against which she has struggled perhaps too long. There is hardly a range of stage business which Mrs. Vernon has not undertaken, and we risk nothing in saying that she has never performed a character indifferently. There are two or three phases of human nature, however, in which she is pre-eminently excellent; such for instance as pert waiting-maids, over-fine ladies, and elderly gentlewomen. When shall we see the equal of her Mrs. Malaprop, where shall we find such an exquisite scandal-monger as her Mrs. Candour? But we might go through the entire catalogue of the acted drama, and still be finding characters which she has finely illustrated. And she is about to withdraw from us, perhaps for ever! With small resources we fear, if we may judge from the condition of the Drama at the Park for some time back, and those resources still farther diminished by the kindness of her heart and the liberality of her hand towards those whom she deemed she was bound to assist. Well, she will take a farewell benefit on Wednesday evening next, and troops of professional friends will do their little all—that is they will perform for her—on that night, which ought to be a memorable one in Park Theatricals for the number of visitors congregated there. It ought to be a bumper!—More than that, it would have done honor to the patrons of the Drama to have made it a Complimentary Benefit, for it would have been doing honor at once to professional and to private worth. We believe that on the night of her benefit she will once more give her representation of Mrs. Malaprop, and then we may bid good-bye to it and all of its class, for many a day. She will also be able to present somewhat of a musical olio, in which, among other performances, Mr. Barton will play a Solo on the Flute. But what of all this? If there were only Mrs. Vernon herself, coming before the curtain to say, "My friends I am here for the purpose of bidding you farewell," this alone should be enough to cram the house to the ceiling. We trust and believe it will be so.

Great preparations are in hand for producing Opera at this house. Mr. and Mrs. Seguin and a debutant, Mr. Frazer, are to take the lead in the business, and others of less note will complete the company. We have been informed that Mr. Seguin has brought across the Atlantic no fewer than ten Operas, and that the first performance will be that of "The Bohemian Girl," the music by Balfe. It will probably be ready in about three weeks from this time. From the cordial reception it experienced both on the European continent and in England, as well as from the high reputation of the composer, one may well expect a great treat in this Opera.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The popular "Putnam and his Horse, Black Vulture" have run so fast and run so long, that it is no wonder they should now be no longer "foremost in the hunt." Nevertheless they have, as the sportsmen would term it "both wind and bottom" and come pretty close up although they are no longer first. At present Mr. J. R. Scott is playing a round of his best characters, such as Sir Giles Overreach in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and Pizarro in the play of that name, as first pieces, and "Putnam" still keeps running on as second best. It will still be long before he gives up altogether, or runs himself to a stand-still.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—The proceedings here during the current week have been nearly the same as we noted of the week preceding. But on Thursday next there will be a performance likely to cause a rush to this house. Mr. Lennox, an excellent representative of Scottish characters in the drama, has recently returned from a professional tour in Canada in which he gained "golden opinions from all sorts of people," and, what was almost as much to his satisfaction, he gained gold itself there. He purposes taking a benefit at the Chatham Theatre, on the evening above-stated, being his only and last appearance in this city, before his removal to Canada, where with his family he is about to settle. The play selected by him for this occasion is the musical one of "Rob Roy," in which Mr. Lennox will perform the character of the Bailie Nicholas Jarvie, and he will be supported by a strong cast. It is remarkable how great a hold these creations of Scott have upon the public mind, whether in the original narrative form, or whether they be, as Scott himself used jocularly to say of them "terrified" into Operas or Melodramas. Mr. Lennox will doubtless have a terrific house on Thursday evening, and his merits deserve one.

CORBYN'S VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—The Irish characters as given by Brougham, and the comic ones as performed by John Dunn, and P. F. Williams are giving great satisfaction here. In particular the *Teddy Moloney* of Brougham, and the *Rascal Jack of Dunn*. The attendance here is not so great as might be wished, but beginnings are all up-hill labors. We learn that the Italian troupe have concluded engagements with Mr. Corbyn, and will commence here almost immediately. On Thursday evening *Mdlle. Desjardins* and *M. Martin*, late principal dancers at Palmo's Opera House, had a benefit here, at which the Italian vocalists and the performers in Mr. Corbyn's establishment gave their assistance. This was liberal, and moreover the artistes taking this benefit, well deserved it.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Monday evening a piece was produced here which the manager at once announced as the "best piece of the season." Knowing that there were many very clever ones in his establishment, we lost no time in witnessing this "best," and—it is very true! A prettier piece of light comedy we do not remember to have ever seen than this of "The Follies of a Night." A little extravagant in the plot and incidents it is, of course, else it would not deserve the name of a farce; but, whilst it abounds in comicality from beginning to end, and never for a moment loses any of its interest, whilst the jokes and the *contretemps* are so inimitably simple that the very boys understand them at once, we do not recollect one instance of vulgarity or of broad impertinence. It may be well to describe the plot of a tragedy, a five act comedy, an opera, an oratorio, or a pantomime, because it may help the audience to a right un-

derstanding of the representation, but we would not rob happy laughers of their agreeable surprises by telling them of all the "whereabouts" of an ingenious comedietta. Let it suffice at present that the scene is laid in Paris, and partly at the Royal Palace of Versailles, that the chief characters are the Duc de Chartres (Fenno), the Duchess de Chartres (Miss Clarke), Mdle. Duval (Miss Roberts), Doctor Droggendorf (Nickenson), and Pierre Palliot (Walcot), and that these characters were most capitally supported. If we must particularise at all we would say that *Miss Clarke*—always an excellent artiste—surpasses herself as the Duchess, that *Nickenson* made a clever old German Doctor, and that *Walcot*—always excepting the insufferable vanity so visibly stamped upon him—was a first rate booby from the country. *Fenno* did the Duke in very creditable style but was somewhat deficient in the tone of his deportment. The audience were kept in successive convulsions of laughter, and *Mr. Mitchell* may run these "Follies" through every "Night" till Christmas.

We have now most unwillingly, but necessarily, to become grave, and once more to remonstrate with a young actress and vocalist who we still think has capabilities enow to become rightly distinguished in her profession. In "The Alpine Maid" the other evening the Rosette of *Miss Taylor* was, we are constrained to say, loud, vulgar, coarse, and inappropriate every way to the simple *espigle* character intended by the author. Her dialogue was a boisterous and loud bawl, her manner was greatly deficient in feminine simplicity and diffidence, and her pronunciation was grossly incorrect. Does *Miss Taylor* know that the stage is considered as one of the best schools of pronunciation, and that frequent deviations from approved manner jar greatly on the ears of well-bred persons? We do earnestly hope she will take these points into consideration before they become indelibly impressed on her professional character, for we can assure her that the reform is quite necessary. We will not stop to inquire into the capacity for judgment of several admirers of this young actress' performances, who minister to the confirmation of her faults by injudiciously throwing wreaths or bouquets at her feet every evening on the stage, but we can assure them that thereby they are doing the young lady more harm than good.

We regret to perceive that the compass of *Mr. Walcot's* voice in singing, always a very limited one, is now reduced to three or four notes in the middle of the bary tone scale, and these also without volume. Would it not be better for him to leave off singing in public, altogether.

Cricketer's Chronicle.

CRICKET MATCH AT NEWARK.

To the Editor of the Anglo American:—

Dear Sir,—Knowing you to be an ardent admirer of the game of Cricket, you would be pleased to hear of its progress in Newark. Our two best Elevens played a Match last Monday, and, considering the state of the weather, which was rather damp and cold, we had a large concourse of people to witness it, and amongst them some of our most respectable and influential townsmen who expressed themselves very much pleased with the game and requested to be proposed for Members. We had some very good playing, but you will find by the Score that it was a one-sided Match, owing to not knowing the strength of each player in selecting the sides. I think next Season we shall be able to hold a strong contest with the New York or Brooklyn Clubs.

About eight o'clock the same evening we sat down to a most excellent dinner prepared by Capt. Stewart of the United States Hotel, in his usual sumptuous manner, and I do assure you the prosperity of the St. George's and the neighbouring Clubs was drank with great enthusiasm. The Song and the Glee were passed round with the greatest good humour and kept up to a late hour.

The following is the Score:—

| FIRST INNINGS. | | SECOND INNINGS. | |
|-------------------------------------|----|-----------------------------|----|
| Smith, run out..... | 0 | b. J. Elverson..... | 1 |
| Sweet, b. J. Elverson..... | 2 | not out..... | 5 |
| Wheatcroft, hit ball on wicket..... | 27 | hit his ball on wicket..... | 9 |
| Greathead, s. Beaver..... | 8 | s. Beaver..... | 9 |
| Stainsby, run out..... | 10 | b. Beaver..... | 0 |
| Hastam, b. Beaver..... | 2 | b. Beaver..... | 1 |
| Dransfield, b. J. Elverson..... | 1 | run out..... | 5 |
| Hotham, b. J. Elverson..... | 0 | b. J. Elverson..... | 0 |
| Belcher, b. Beaver..... | 0 | b. J. Elverson..... | 0 |
| Sproat, not out..... | 0 | b. Beaver..... | 0 |
| Eveland, run out..... | 0 | b. Beaver..... | 0 |
| Byes..... | 1 | Byes..... | 2 |
| Total..... | 51 | Total..... | 32 |
| FIRST INNINGS. | | SECOND INNINGS. | |
| Tomlinson, run out..... | 11 | b. Wheatcroft..... | 6 |
| Wigfall, b. Dransfield..... | 0 | not out..... | 12 |
| J. Elverson, b. Handley..... | 2 | b. Greathead..... | 20 |
| Beaver, b. Wheatcroft..... | 0 | not out..... | 6 |
| Makeson, b. Greathead..... | 6 | run out..... | 1 |
| Jarvis, b. Greathead..... | 0 | not out..... | 6 |
| G. Elverson, b. Greathead..... | 8 | run out..... | 1 |
| E. Elverson, b. Wheatcroft..... | 1 | | |
| Trogeat, b. Greathead..... | 6 | | |
| Seal, b. Greathead..... | 2 | | |
| Handley, not out..... | 1 | | |
| Wide Ball..... | 1 | | |
| Bye..... | 1 | | |
| Total..... | 39 | Total..... | 45 |

G. W.

Literary Notices.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ALONZO, THE SERVANT OF MANY MASTERS.—Translated from the Spanish of Dr. Geronimo de Alcala Yance de Rivera.—The Spanish school of novel is always abounding in the roguery, the simplicity, the intriguing spirit, or the credulity of its characters; yet abounding in incidents which strongly mark and describe the Spanish national character, habits, manners, and scenery. Of the work now before us the distinguished author of "The Bible in Spain," Mr. Borrow, speaks in terms of high eulogium, and considers it as second only to the works of Cervantes. The translation, which we understand to be by Mr. Nattali, is spirited and we doubt not faithful; but it is well known by hard experience how difficult a matter it is to translate from Spanish to English so as to retain a tolerably close identity, and at the same time to infuse the dry humour which is characteristic of Spanish novels, and which the peculiarities of that language can clothe in its own manner. This translation is issued in parts, of which the first only is yet before us, by W. M. Christie, No. 2 Astor House, Broadway, and the work is put forth in a very neat style.

THE INDICATOR.—Vol. 1, No. 5.—New York: J. M. Christy.—This excellent periodical which is intended as a "Guide to Self-improvement," and "designed to aid the acquisition of knowledge, the culture and discipline of the mind, the formation of character, and the proper conduct of life," contains precepts and examples all of a practical tendency, and calculated to be of invaluable benefit to all, but more particularly to young persons of either sex who are just commencing their career in active life. It is worthy of general encouragement, and we trust to hear of its large dissemination throughout American Society.

LIFE OF FRANCIS MARION.—By William Gilmore Simms.—New York: Henry G. Langley.—The compiler of this biography has been long and favorably known in the literary world, in the regions of poetry and fiction; in the last, where he has chosen for his scenes his native section of country, and for his subjects the aborigines and the early European settlers, he may be called the Cooper of the South, so vivid have been his descriptions and so interesting his narratives. We are not sure that we can award him such unqualified praise in the present department, for he has not even endeavoured to restrain his Anti-English prejudices, and there are portions of the work which are rather calculated to inflame than to allay the differences which ought to be sunk in oblivion. Nevertheless the incidents we presume are faithful, and the writer has made a lively instead of a dull piece of biography.

THE DOUAY BIBLE.—No. III.—New York: Edward Dunigan.—The publisher is proceeding with all convenient speed upon this Roman Catholic edition of the Holy Scriptures, and we learn that it is intended for use in the schools of that denomination. The present contains a beautiful engraving of "The Judgment of Solomon." There will be 15 Illustrations in the 24 numbers which are to form the entire work.

PERSECUTIONS OF POPE.—By Frederick Shoberl.—New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work has long been considerably eminent in English literature, and his works whether original, translated, or compiled are held in great respect. Hence, although we have as yet but glanced at passages in this book, and have been pleased with what we saw, we venture to say that it will prove greatly useful towards its purpose; for it may fairly be predicated of Mr. Shoberl that he has sought diligently and from authentic sources for the matter appropriate to his subject. The antagonists of Romanism are rising up in legion, and controversy on either side must put on its best armour. We could almost imagine that a religious crisis is at hand.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER 1844.—New York: Leonard Scott & Co.—The number before us, of this capital Magazine, is a very interesting one; the first article in particular "The Life of a Diplomatist" is exceedingly well done, and is a digest of a real biography. This reprint is very neatly executed.

THE DOUAY BIBLE.—Nos. IV. and V.—New York: Edward Dunigan.—This work is now proceeding at a rapid rate; the latter of these numbers includes the 15th Chapter of the First Book of Kings, which answers to the same chapter of the First Book of Samuel in the Protestant Bible. No. 4 has a fine plate of "Daniel in the Den of Lions."

PARK THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 4, 1844.—Mr. PLACIDE and Mr. MAYWOOD—"London Assurance," and "Tam O'Shanter."
TUESDAY.—Mr. PLACIDE and Mr. MAYWOOD—"What will the world say," and "Tam O'Shanter."
WEDNESDAY.—Mrs. VERNON'S Benefit.
THURSDAY—"What will the world say," "Grandfather Whitehead," and last night of Mr. PLACIDE'S Engagement.
FRIDAY.—Mr. MAYWOOD'S Benefit.
SATURDAY.—Mr. PLACIDE'S Benefit.

ALBION NEWSPAPER.—For Sale, a full set of Volumes of the Albion from the commencement of 1833; they are in good order and will be sold at a reasonable rate. Address D. E. at this Office. 21, 22-17.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN.—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. Gilloft. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
"Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
" " " Harlem River.
View of the Jet at
Fountain in the Park, New York.
" " " in Union Park.

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN.—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by
June 8. HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

INTRODUCTION.

Public Notice to the Commercial Interests of New York.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietor of the Marine Telegraph Flags, and Semaphore Signal Book, having supplied above two thousand sets of American vessels, including the Government Vessels of War and Revenue Cutters, informs the Commercial, Mercantile, and Trading Interests of New York, that he is now ready to furnish sets of Telegraph Flags, with Designating Telegraph Numbers, and Signal Books for Ships, Barques, Brigs, Schooners, Sloops, and Steamboats, for Fifteen dollars, complete for conversation.

Having received from the Merchants' Exchange Company, the gratuitous use of their building for the purpose of facilitating the operations of his Semaphore Telegraph system of Marine Signals, and in conjunction with Mr. A. A. LEGGER, of the Telegraphs in Wall-street, at the Narrows, and the Highlands, it is contemplated to furnish the several Pilot Boats with sets of the Marine Signals, by which means, the earliest information of vessels' arrivals will be announced from the office, and the Telegraph Numbers displayed at the Merchants' Exchange, as soon as announced from below.

Vessels on approaching the land from Sea, are requested to hoist their Conversation Flag, and show their Telegraph Designating Numbers, and to keep them flying until they have passed the Telegraph Stations below.

Signal Book (a pocket edition) will be furnished each owner of all those vessels in the possession of the Marine Telegraph Flags, gratuitously.

Sets of Flags, Designating Numbers, and Signal Books in constant readiness by A. A. Legget, Merchants' Exchange, and by the undersigned, at the Marine Surveyor's Office, 67 Wall-street.

JOHN R. PARKER, Sole Proprietor.

New York, Sept. 1., 1844.

☞ P.S. Ships' and Barques' numbers are displayed with a pendant above—Schooners', below—Brigs', alone.

Sp. 7.

MR. JOHN A. KYLE, teacher of the Flute and Pianoforte, announces to Amateurs at home, or at the houses of his Pupils.

Mr. J. A. Kyle will also give instruction in the art of accompanying, illustrating and giving practice to the Pupils by accompanying them with the Flute.

For Terms, &c., apply to his residence, 41 Forsyth Street, just above Walker.

O.12-1m.

GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SUPERFLUOUS CLOTHING—Gentlemen or families desirous of converting into cash their superfluous or cast-off clothing will obtain from the subscriber the highest Cash Prices.

To families or gentlemen quitting the city or changing residence, having effects of the kind to dispose of, will find it much to their advantage to send for the subscriber, who will attend them at their residence by appointment.

H. LEVETT, Office No. 2 Wall-street, and at 470 Hudson-st.

Orders through the Post-office, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to. (O.15m)

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places.

Ap. 20-4f.

TO AMATEURS ON THE FLUTE—Mr. Barton, (pupil of the late C. Nicholson), respectfully begs to announce that it is his intention to give instruction on the Flute. Mr. Barton professes to teach according to the method purified by the celebrated master, Charles Nicholson.

For terms and particulars application may be made at Signor Godone, Music Store, Broadway, and Mr. Stoddard's Pianoforte manufactory.

Jan. 20-ff.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman Streets,) N.Y.

☞ Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

☞ Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.

May 27-3m.

THOMAS H. CHAMBERS,
(Formerly Conductor to Dubois & Stodart.)
PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,
No. 385 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

N.B.—All Piano Fortes sold at this Establishment are warranted to stand the action of any climate.

May 11-6m.

GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA—LAW AGENCY.—**THOMAS WARNER**, No. 19 City Hall Place, New York, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor and Counsel in Chancery, &c. &c., begs to inform his friends and the Public generally, that he has just returned from a business tour through England, Wales and Scotland. That from having been for several years engaged in the practice of the Law in London, and for the past six years similarly engaged in New York, he flatters himself he is fully competent to conduct such Law business in England and parts adjacent, as persons from the Old Country, and their descendants, may wish to be attended to; and with this view, T. W. on his recent journey made arrangements with some of the most eminent Lawyers in various parts of England and Scotland, whereby T. W. has been able to secure the most efficient Agents and Correspondents in those places.

T. W. therefore begs to offer his services to Europeans and others, who may need professional assistance, in relation to any kind of legal business in the Old World, and assures such as may choose to favour him with their patronage, that the most unexceptionable references will be furnished, if required, and every necessary guarantee given that business confided to his care will be attended to, and conducted with industry, skill and fidelity, and on the most reasonable terms.

St. 25-3m.

McGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the supervision of the proprietor, JAMES McGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire GOOD FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavoured in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "McGregor House" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Road, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

☞ Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.

Utica, Nov. 1., 1843. JAMES McGREGOR. [Mar. 9-4f.]

NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

DAILY, (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock, P.M., from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

The Steamboat CLEOPATRA, Capt. J. K. Duxan, will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage, immediately after their arrival at Allen's Point.

For farther information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 24 Broadway, (up stairs).

Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.

N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting any one on account of the above boats or owners.

May 11-4f.

M. RADEA, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufacturer. Ap. 30-1y.

RIALTO, MONTREAL.—Mr. FARQUHAR respectfully announces to the citizens of New York on the eve of visiting Montreal, together with his Canadian Patrons, that he is prepared at all hours to accommodate the travelling public. His viands are of the first quality, his Liquors, Wines, &c., of the premier brands. Mint Julep, Sherry Cobbler, and every fancy drink on demand. Lobsters, Oysters, Turtle, &c., received every Friday per Express time. Mr. F. having been in the business for some years, flatters himself he can meet the wishes of the most fastidious.

Two Billiard Rooms are attached to the Establishment, being the only ones in Montreal. Ag. 3-3m.

LET COMMON SENSE HAVE WEIGHT.

A COSTIVE AND DYSENTERIC time, with cold, cough and sore throat in Child with Swelling and Tumors of the neck.

In these complaints no remedy can be compared to the BRANDRETH PILLS, and it is a solemn duty on the part of parents to their children, that they have recourse to them at once, if given at the commencement, there need be no fear as to the result, and at any period of the disease, there is no medicine which will exercise a more health-restoring power.

In Costiveness, or the opposite disease Dysentery, the dose should be sufficiently large to remove morbid accumulations, and the Pills will have the further good effect to restore healthy secretions in these important organs, and remove the irregular distribution of blood from the head, liver, and other parts, in fact will equalize the circulation, by the abstraction of the impure humors from the system generally.

In affections of the throat and bowels, I cannot too strongly recommend the external use of the BRANDRETH LINIMENT, it will materially expedite the cure. There is no outward remedy at all to be compared to this Liniment, which has the effect of taking out inflammation wherever it is applied. In cases of Fever and Ague the BRANDRETH PILLS are a never-failing cure, the first dose should be large, sufficient to have a brisk effect, afterwards two Pills night and morning, and drink cold Pennyroyal tea, a cup full, say two or three times a day. The cure is sure.

Remember, the great blessing the BRANDRETH PILLS secure to the human body, is PURE BLOOD.

When your blood is once pure nothing in the shape of food will hardly come amiss; nothing will sour upon your stomach; you may eat anything in reason; and the greater variety of food the better blood is made. All who have weak stomachs, who are dyspeptic, or in any way affected in body, should without delay resort to BRANDRETH'S PILLS—which will indeed strengthen the life principle, and by perseverance with them, entirely renew the whole body; the materials now in it good, will be kept so; those bad, displaced and removed. Good Blood cannot make bad bone or bad flesh. And bear in mind, the BRANDRETH'S PILLS surely purify the Blood.

The following case from Col. J. Hughes of Jackson, Ohio, a member of the Ohio Legislature, will no doubt be read with interest by those similarly affected.

Cure of violent periodical pain in the head. A thousand persons can be referred to in this city, who have been cured of a similar affliction.

JACKSON, O.H., Aug. 1, 1844.

Dr. B. Brandreth,—Sir,—That the greatest good may be done to the greatest number, I take pleasure in informing you that for six or seven years prior to 1839 I suffered incessantly with a nervous headache. I applied to the most eminent physicians in Ohio for relief, but received none whatever. I being much prejudiced to all patent medicines, refused to use your Pills; finally my headache increased daily; I at last resort, and even without faith, bought a box of your Vegetable Universal Pills. On going to bed I took 5 pills, next night 3, next 1; skipped two nights and repeated the dose—I found immediate relief. Two or three times since I have been partially attacked, I again applied to your Pills and ail was forthwith well. I cannot speak too highly of your Pills, for nothing relieved me but them. May you live long to enjoy the pleasure it must be to you to know and feel that day unto day and night unto night, you are relieving the pains and diseases of the human family.

Yours truly,

J. HUGHES.

Sold at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson-st., Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-st., Brooklyn; James Wilson, Jersey City; and by one Agent in almost every town in the United States, who have a certificate of Agency. [Ag. 17-]

INDIGESTION

MOST PREVALENT IN WARM WEATHER.

Use Parr's Life Pills where Health is a Desideratum.

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES.—In no season does the blood and secretions of the human system undergo more striking change than in the fall of the year. If we turn to Nature, the changes in the vegetable world are found to be not only strikingly analogous, but to have a strong influence on the health or diseased condition of the body. From the decay of autumn, and the morbid and deathlike state of winter, there springs new life and beauty. The effect of this decreased activity in all inanimate matter, as well as on our physical system, renders the use of some simple medicine—especially to those of a slender constitution—of absolute importance. This is the time effectually to assist nature in renewing and strengthening the power of the vital organs. Of these functions, none have a more intimate connection than the stomach and liver. The presence of food in the stomach, and the healthy operation of the digestive powers, furnish the only natural stimulus to the liver. But when the coatings of the former become weak and morbid, both the quantity and quality of the secretions are greatly modified; the natural stimulus is diminished—the bile is improperly secreted, and disease of the liver, or chronic affections in one form or another, are almost sure to follow. In this critical condition, to give a healthy tone to the stomach, and to free the blood of its impurities, thereby preventing months, and it may be years, of suffering, Parr's Life PILLS are a perfectly gentle and effectual medicine. Its celebrated author was for more than a century not only a close and constant student of the medicinal properties of plants, but of their adaptation to the cure of every class of internal diseases. Although in early life apparently a hopeless invalid, the use of this medicine restored and continued him in health and vigor to the extreme age of 152 years. These Pills are exceedingly mild in their operation, and may be given to children as well as adults with the utmost security. To their superiority in this respect over most of the vegetable medicine in use, thousands are constantly testifying.

The Proprietors have sedulously avoided that system of puffing so generally resorted to, yet their Pills have won a degree of popular favor unexampled in the history of any family medicine. It is now only twelve months since they established their agency in the United States, and the monthly sales are exceeding upwards of ten thousand boxes. They give these as simple facts, wishing the medicine to rest alone on its intrinsic value. No ship going to sea should be without them. Families having once used them will always have a supply.

Sold Retail by all respectable Druggists, and Wholesale by Thomas Roberts & Co., 117 Fulton Street. Ag. 10.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

ALBANY, Aug. 1, 1844.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York:—

☞ SIR—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:—

A Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of this State.

Thirty-six Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

Four Canal Commissioners.

A Senator for the First Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of John B. Scott, on the last day of December next.

A Representative in the 29th Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District consisting of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th Wards of said City and County; also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth District, consisting of the 6th, 7th, 10th and 13th Wards of the said City and County. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth District, consisting of the 8th, 9th and 14th Wards of the said City and County, and also a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional District, consisting of the 11th, 12th, 15th, 16th and 17th Wards of said City and County of New York.

Also the following County Officers, to wit: 13 Members of Assembly.

Yours respectfully,

S. YOUNG, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, Aug. 5, 1844.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

WILLIAM JONES, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public Newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the Election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1st, Chap. 6th, title 3d, article 3d—part 1st, page 146.

Ag. 17-3m.]

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA,
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DIS-
EASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD,
OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pusules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.

If there be a pleasure on earth which superior beings cannot enjoy, and one which they might almost envy men the possession of it is the power of relieving pain. How consoling, then, is the consciousness of having been the instrument of rescuing thousands from misery to those who possess it. What an amount of suffering has been relieved and what a still greater amount of suffering can be prevented by the use of Sands's Sarsaparilla! The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews, and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers and loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groined hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretory organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the tank of disease, and now with a regenerated constitution, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

New York, July 25, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—I consider it but an act of justice to you to state the following facts in reference to the great benefit I have received in the cure of an obstinate CANCEROUS ULCER on my breast.

I was attended eighteen months by a regular and skilful physician, assisted by the advice and counsel of one of our most able and experienced surgeons, without the least benefit whatever. All the various methods of treating cancer were resorted to: for five weeks in succession my breast was burned with caustic three times a day, and for six it was daily syringed with a weak solution of nitric acid, and the cavity or internal ulcer was so large that it held over an ounce of the solution. The Doctor probed the ulcer and examined the bone, and said the disease was advancing rapidly to the lungs, and if I did not get speedy relief by medicine or an operation the result would be fatal. I was advised to have the breast laid open and the bones examined, but finding no relief from what had been done and feeling that I was rapidly getting worse, I almost despaired of recovery and considered my case nearly hopeless.

Seeing various testimonials and certificates of cure by the use of "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," in cases similar to my own, I concluded to try a few bottles, several of which were used, but from the long, deep-seated character of my disease, produced no very decided change; considering this as the only probable cure for my case, I persevered, until the disease was entirely cured. It is now over eleven months since the cure was completed; there is not the slightest appearance of a return. I therefore pronounce myself WELL and the cure entirely effected by "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," as I took no other medicine of any kind during the time I was using it, nor have I taken any since. Please excuse this long deferred acknowledgment, which I think it my duty to make. Your valuable Sarsaparilla cured me, with the blessing of Divine Providence, when nothing else could, and I feel myself under lasting obligations to you. I can say many things I cannot write, and I do most respectfully invite ladies afflicted as I have been to call upon me and I will satisfy them fully of the truth as stated above, and many other things in reference to the case.

218 Sullivan-st., next door to the Methodist Church.

The following extract from a letter just come to hand will be read with interest. The writer, Mr. Almy, is a gentleman of the first respectability, Justice of the Peace, &c. The patient suffered for years with Fever Sores on his legs, and could find no relief until he used Sands's Sarsaparilla. Mr. Almy, writing at the request and on behalf of the patient, Jonathan Harris, says—

Gentlemen—It has once more become my duty to communicate to you the situation of Mr. Harris, and you may rely upon it I do so with the utmost pleasure. Mr. Harris says that four of his sores are entirely healed up, and the remainder are fast doing so. He further says that he has no pain in the affected limb whatever—that his sleep is of the most refreshing nature, and his health in every respect very much improved—so visible is the change that all who see him exclaim, "what a change!" and earnestly inquire what he has been doing? He has gained in flesh very much, and is able to work at his trade, which is that of a shoemaker—without any inconvenience. This is the substance of his narrative—but the picture I cannot in any way here do justice to. The manner, the gratitude, the faith, and the exhilarating effect upon his spirits, you can but faintly imagine. He requests me to say he will come and see you as surely as he lives. May God continue to bless your endeavours to alleviate the miseries of the human family, is the fervent prayer of your sincere friend.

HUMPHREY ALMY, Justice of the Peace.

Brooklyn, Conn., July 10, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—Most cheerfully do I add to the numerous testimonials of your life preservative Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1839 with a scrofulous affection on my upper lip, and continuing upward, taking hold of my nose and surrounding parts until the passages for conveying tears from the eyes to the nose were destroyed, which caused an unceasing flow of tears. It also affected my gums causing a discharge very unpleasant, and my teeth became so loose that it would not have been a hard task to pull them out with a slight jerk—such were my feelings and sufferings at this time that I was rendered perfectly miserable. I consulted the first physicians in the city, but with little benefit. Every thing I heard of was tried, but all proved of no service, and as a last resort was recommended a change of air; but this like other remedies, did no good; the disease continued gradually to increase until my whole body was affected. But, thanks to humanity, my physician recommended your preparation of Sarsaparilla. I procured from your agent in this city, Dr. James A. Reed, six bottles, and in less time than three months was restored to health and happiness. Your Sarsaparilla alone effected the cure, and with a desire that the afflicted may no longer suffer, but use the right medicine and be free from disease, with feelings of joy and gratitude, I remain your friend DANIEL MCCONNIKAN.

Any one desirous to know further particulars will find me at my residence in Front-st., where it will afford me pleasure to communicate anything in relation to this cure.

DANIEL MCCONNIKAN.

Personally appeared before me the above named Daniel McConnikan, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement.

JOHN CLOUD,

Justice of the Peace of the City of Baltimore.

Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 27, 1844.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands.—Gents.—I have just received a letter from my father in Russellville, Ky., who wishes to purchase some of your Sarsaparilla. I have no doubt he can be the means of selling a great deal, as it has performed a wonderful cure in his family. Last December I was sent for to see my sister before she died, she having been in poor health for some two or three years, and at the time I went over to see her, she was at the point of death with the scarlet fever, and a cancerous affection of the bowels, from which her physician thought she could not possibly recover. I carried over with me a bottle of your Sarsaparilla, and with the consent of her physician she commenced taking it that night. I remained with her three days, and left her rapidly improving. Her husband sent a boy home with me for more of the Sarsaparilla. I sent one dozen bottles, which I believe will effect an entire cure. My father writes me to that effect, and wishes through me to procure an agency for selling your valuable medicine to that neighbourhood.

J. M. OWENS.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. Sands, Wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, John Musson, Quebec, J. W. Brent, Kingston, T. Brickle, Hamilton, S. T. Urquhart, Toronto, Canada, Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

Ag. 3.

WELLMAN, WEBSTER AND NORTON,
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,
No. 75 Camp-street, New Orleans.

L. J. Webster, A. L. Norton, H. B. Wellman.
Reference—G. Merle, Esq., Wilson & Brown, and Lee Dater & Miller, N. Y.
Aug. 26-45.

DOCTOR BRANDRETH'S ADDRESS
TO THE PUBLIC.

THERE are in the world medicines adapted to the cure of diseases of every form and every symptom. And when men follow the instinct of their natures, they use BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the cure of their maladies. And those who have done so have not had cause for repentance with reference thereto. These Pills are, indeed, quietly becoming the reliable medicine of mankind; for all who use them in accordance with the printed directions, find so much benefit individually, that they recommend them to all such of their friends that may not at the time be enjoying good health. These universally celebrated Pills take out of the body all diseased, decayed, or unhealthy particles; they eradicate everything from the human body contrary to its healthy condition. No matter of how long duration the complaint may have been, there is every chance of recovery when the Pills are commenced with, and it is utterly impossible for them to injure; nearly a century's use has proved them innocent as bread, yet all powerful for the removal of disease, whether chronic or recent, infectious or otherwise. We have an account of a settle with ourselves as regards the pleasures and pains of life. It is soon stated. Suppose you are highly favoured by nature, having a sound mind in a sound body, the lot of but few. You cannot but be affected when you observe so much suffering from bodily infirmity around you; which neither riches nor the palliative prescriptions of physicians are able to obviate. Even the best health is insecure unless a certain remedy can be used when the first advances of sickness comes on. If then you would avoid this state of things, and you are anxious to secure your own health, your judgment, and a long vigorous old age, take Brandreth's Pills; with them you can never err; and you will avoid all the miseries of an infirm, ailing existence. Let every one whose health is not perfect take them daily for one month; instead of weakening you, you will find all your faculties of mind and body improved; all kinds of food will give you pleasure, and none whatever will disagree with you. Your digestion will proceed smoothly and pleasantly, your stomach will not require the assistance of wine, blitters, or drams; in fact, you will soon learn these things are injurious. The reason it is easy to explain: Digestion is effected solely by the solvent power of the bile. This bile is made by, and secreted from the blood. It is produced by the same operation from the blood as is the growth of the body, or any part thereof, as the bones, the hair, the eye, or the nails. By the use of Brandreth's Pills you expel out of the body those corrupt humours which impede digestion, and cramp nature in all her operations. Those humours which produce Cancer, Rheumatism, Consumption, Piles, and, in fact, all the long catalogue of diseases to which humanity is subject, but which are reducible to one, IMPURITY OF BLOOD. Custom has designated the name of the disease by the place upon which the impurity of the blood settles, or deposits itself; thus, upon the lungs, Consumption, upon the muscles, Rheumatism; if upon the skin, Erysipelas and Leprosy; upon the knee, a White Swelling; and wherever pain is felt, or any feeling in any part of the contrary to health, there the impurity of the blood is endeavoring to establish its evil influence. So in Costiveness it is occasioned by the impurity of the blood, which has become seated upon the muscles of the bowels, and which prevents the proper action of the bile to produce the daily evacuation of morbid deposits. But all these effects of impure blood are cured or prevented by the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. In a word, they will give the power and vigor to the human constitution it was intended to have by nature, and which it possessed before the absurd notions of the great advantages of Tonic or Bracing, and mineral medicines were acted upon. Instead of finding your digestive powers and strength diminished, as you will be told by doctors and other interested persons, you will find your strength and digestion daily improve, and all the energies of your mind and body more lively and vigorous. You will soon perceive that you are every day adding to your well being by the simple operation of evacuating from your body the noxious humours of the blood, the source of all the pain and misery experienced in the human body. Such is the benign operation of Brandreth's Pills, that they only take out of the body what is hurtful to it, thus producing its purification and its perfect health.

The Brandreth Pills are the best medicine for families and schools. No medicine is so well adapted for the occasional sickness of children. By having them in the house, and giving them when the first symptoms show themselves, the sickness will be the affair of only a few hours; and in scarlet fever, measles, and worms, there is no medicine so safe and so sure to cure. It is all that should be used, or ought to be used. I speak as a father, and from experience.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will insure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life—they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this; it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies during their confinement, to the exclusion of all other purgatives; and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humours of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

Man will be born to-day of bliss, compared to what has hitherto been his lot, weighed down as he has been by disease, infirmities, and suffering, which no earthly power knew how to alleviate until this discovery was presented to the world. The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by their operation, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance, without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicine ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking colds.

THE BRANDRETH PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at one store in every town in the United States. Let all who purchase enquire for the certificate, on which are fac similes of the labels on the box, it like the Pills, they are genuine—if not, not. There has yet been, I believe, no counterfeit of the new labels, and it is to be hoped there will not, for it is impossible to imagine a greater crime than that of making money by the miseries of mankind.

The public servant,

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.

Principal Brandrethian Office, 211 Broadway, New York. The retail offices are 241 Hudson-street and 274 Bowery. Mrs. Booth is the Agent in Brooklyn, No. 5 Market-st., and J. Wilson, Main street, Jersey City. Parker, Broad-street, Newark. Price 25 cts., with full directions in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and German.

Observe the Red Printing on the Top and Bottom Label. On every Box of Genuine Brandreth Pills, BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S PILLS is printed over Two Hundred times in Red Ink. Remember to see to this, and you will not be deceived with Counterfeit Pills. (Sept. 21.)

THE RAILROAD HOTEL, 86th St., 4th Avenue, Yorkville.—THOMAS F. LENNOX, late of the Chatham Theatre, respectfully announces to his friends his new location in Yorkville. The Cars stop hourly on weekdays and half hourly on Sundays.

This establishment will be found one of the most suitable and convenient stopping places en route to the AQUEDUCT,—that greatest of modern scientific achievements,—and which is within two minutes walk of the R. R. Hotel.

Liquors, Wines, &c., of a superior quality, are constantly on hand; also, Oysters, Cakes, Ice Cream, and every delicacy of the Season.

Private Rooms for Parties. An excellent Quoit Ground is attached to the House, together with other Amusements.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

| Ships. | Masters. | Days of Sailing from New York. | Days of Sailing from Liverpool. |
|------------------|-------------------|---|---------------------------------|
| Cambridge, | W. C. Barstow, | June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1 July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16 | |
| England, | S. Bartlett, | June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16 Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1 | |
| Oxford, | J. Rathbone, | July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1 Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16 | |
| Montezuma, (new) | A. W. Lowber, | July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16 Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1 | |
| Europe, | A. G. Furber, | Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1 Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16 | |
| New York, | Thos. B. Cropper, | Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16 Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1 | |
| Columbus, | G. A. Cole, | Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1 Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16 | |
| Yorkshire, (new) | D. G. Bailey, | Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16 Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1 | |

These ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 54 South-street, or C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y., and to BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool

Feb. 3.